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Saturday Review

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APRIL 12, 1952

SPRING BOOK ISSUE

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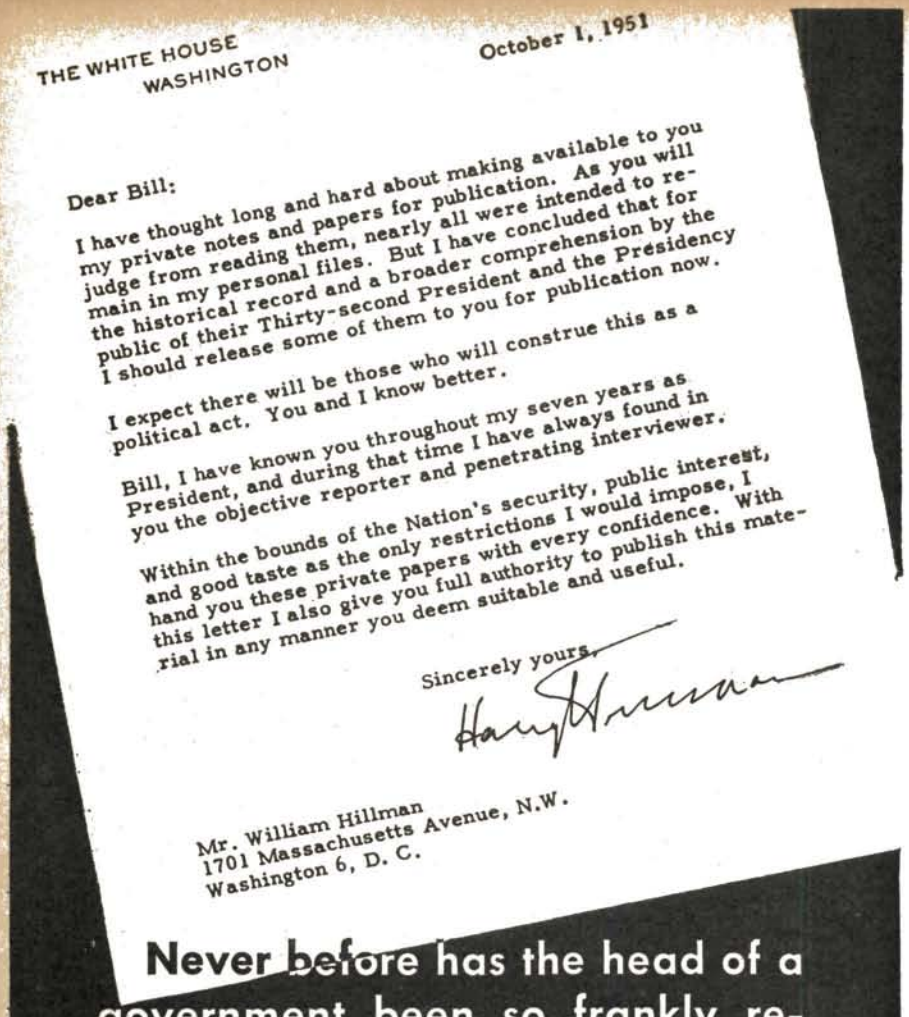

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 1, 1951

Dear Bill:

I have thought long and hard about making available to you my private notes and papers for publication. As you will judge from reading them, nearly all were intended to remain in my personal files. But I have concluded that for the historical record and a broader comprehension by the public of their Thirty-second President and the Presidency I should release some of them to you for publication now.

I expect there will be those who will construe this as a political act. You and I know better.

Bill, I have known you throughout my seven years as President, and during that time I have always found in you the objective reporter and penetrating interviewer.

Within the bounds of the Nation's security, public interest, and good taste as the only restrictions I would impose, I hand you these private papers with every confidence. With this letter I also give you full authority to publish this material in any manner you deem suitable and useful.

Sincerely yours,

Harry Truman

Mr. William Hillman
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Washington 6, D. C.

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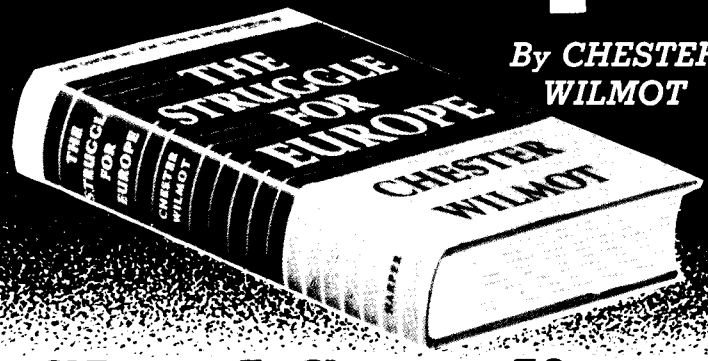

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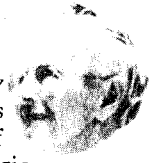

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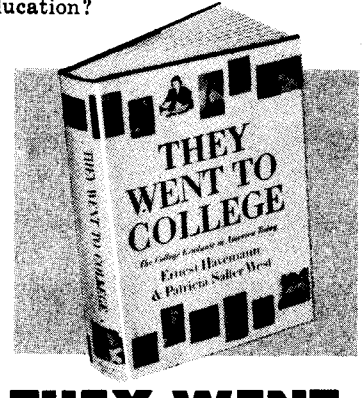

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 12, 1952

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Good News

▸ In January three "censorship bills," H.237, H.1095, and H.1898, were introduced in the Massachusetts State Legislature. Although the arguments of the representatives who introduced the bills were directed almost entirely toward the need for legislation to suppress comic books, two of the bills were directed against all books and magazines. Bills H.237 and H.1095 provided for the establishment of official censors and for the licensing of all booksellers and other retailers and distributors of printed matter. Bill H.1898 was specifically directed at "comic books," but in its vague language provided a possible wedge toward the general extension of censorship.

The American Booksellers Association retained the services of a Boston attorney who presented the legal arguments against the bills to the hearing before the Committee on State Administration of the Massachusetts Legislature. A number of publishers and booksellers as well as a representative of the Boston newspapers opposed the measures.

Disposition of the three bills was as follows: H.1095 was tabled by the House of Representatives for the session then current; H.237 was disposed of when the House announced an adverse report on it from the committee before which preliminary hearings had been held; H. 1898 was disposed of by the House on February 5 when it accepted a report referring the matter to the next annual session.

Thus the three "censorship bills" have been shelved—at least temporarily.

▸ The Danish Life-Saving Service is observing its centenary this year. During those 100 years it has rescued 12,367 people from ships in distress—an average of one life saved every three days. One third of the people saved were brought to land by breeches-buoy after rockets had been fired to carry lines from shore to ship. The rest were taken direct from sinking ships into open lifeboats. The service today has 556 lifeboat men dispersed in fifty-four stations. Except for power-driven boats, rescue operations are carried out in the same way they were a century ago.

▸ Fifteen Americans, two of them women, escaped death recently when a U.S. Air Force pilot crash-landed his crippled transport plane in the Mediterranean off the French coast. All fifteen persons escaped in rubber life rafts and were picked up uninjured by small French boats.

Princeton
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A bold challenge to conventional interpretation!

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By LAWRANCE THOMPSON. The author argues that Melville, seeking to disguise his agonized conviction of the cruelty and malice of God, consistently satirized Christian doctrine by resorting to literary deceptions that could simultaneously satirize and hoodwink his orthodox readers. A new interpretation of the author of *Moby Dick*, brilliantly presented and fully supported by external and internal evidence in such a way as to reveal a sinister intent in all of the major narratives from *Typee* through *Billy Budd*. *175 pages. $6.00*

Jane Austen

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By MARVIN MUDRICK. JANE AUSTEN emerges from behind the comfortable assumptions of a hundred years, and takes her true place among the most stalwart of the great ironists. Through an analysis of all her writings and a study of her irony in its sources and development, the book achieves its twofold aim of re-evaluating the novels and the growth of the novelist herself from the juvenilia through the great novels to *Sanditon*.

"By far the best book on the subject to date."—*Mark Schorer.* "The most acute and illuminating analysis of Jane Austen's novels with which I am acquainted."—*Joseph Warren Beach.* *$5.00*

A fascinating piece of Wilsoniana

LEADERS of MEN

By WOODROW WILSON. Previously unpublished, and presented here in the edition of T. H. Vail Motter, this is the text of a lecture given by Wilson on several occasions in the 1890's before there was any public thought of his political career. In it he speculates on the perils awaiting a "leader of thought" who seeks to move from the library to the forum. *$2.00*

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By JOHN BURRESS

"For humor that ranges all the way from uninhibited laughter . . . to the quiet chuckle straight from the heart, I recommend LITTLE MULE."—FRANCIS LUDLOW, Editor of *The Retail Bookseller*. $3.00

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that seems to stir people profoundly. (Two movies, *Cry, the Beloved Country* and *The Magic Garden* are holding New York audiences spellbound.) You will find that same potent quality—a blend of passion and violence and beauty — in this great new novel from South Africa.

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TRADE Winds

FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION I'd venture a guess that there are more fine new residences in the course of construction in Tulsa, Phoenix, and the greater Los Angeles area than in all the rest of the United States put together. I don't know how they're

getting around building restrictions, but you can scarcely turn a corner in any of the burgeoning cities of the Southwest without stumbling upon a spanking new ranch house, with three-car garage attached. From an architectural point of view one is more beautiful than the next. The new commercial structures are stunning, too. The just-opened Bullock-Westwood and Robinson-Beverly Hills department stores are revelations in sweeping interiors and magnificent lighting. The only thing that seemed missing in both establishments, alas, was book departments!

OFFICIAL CENSUS FIGURES bear out impressions of phenomenal growth in the Southwest. California's population has gone up 52 per cent in the past ten years, Arizona's, 49 per cent. Albuquerque has more than doubled since 1940—up 110 per cent to be exact. Los Angeles is up 49 per cent, Phoenix, 77 per cent, Corpus Christi, 78 per cent, Fort Worth, 59 per cent, Dallas, 53 per cent, Houston, 52 per cent. (Miami, Florida, is up 83 per cent, second only to Albuquerque; Washington, due to padding of the Federal payroll, is up 50 per cent; New York is up only 10 per cent.) The whole country's population is now 155 million—doubled in the past fifty years, and according to Kiplinger a boost of 35,000,000 more can be expected by 1975. No wonder the market for juvenile books keeps expanding!

THE EISENHOWER BOOM has sent people scurrying to the reference shelves for statistics of a different sort: the number of previous occupants of the White House who had served stretches of varying length as generals in the Army. There were ten in all: George Washington, Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Franklin Pierce, Ulysses S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Chester Arthur, and Benjamin Harrison. Several other Presidents served in lesser roles in the armed forces from time to time. In all, a military man has occupied the Presidential post almost 50 per cent of the time.

William Feather has been collecting other kinds of data on the nation's leaders. "Besides the Roosevelts, who were prolific," he mused, "what other Presidents had more than two children?" Here is the record: John Adams, 5; Jefferson, 6; John Quincy Adams, 4; Van Buren, 4; Harrison, 10; Tyler, 14 (yipes!); Taylor, 6; Pierce, 3; Lincoln, 4; Johnson, 5; Grant, 4; Hayes, 8; Garfield, 5; Arthur, 4; Cleveland, 5; Harrison, 3; Teddy Roosevelt, 6; Taft, 3; Wilson, 3; F.D.R., 5. Monroe, Fillmore, McKinley, Coolidge, and Hoover each had two. Harry Truman has his Margaret. Childless Presidents were George Washington, Madison, Andrew Jackson (one adopted child), Polk, Buchanan, and Harding (offi-

cially, at any rate). Buchanan had the best excuse for neglecting his duty to the race. He was unmarried.

I ATTENDED THE Screen Writers' Guild annual awards dinner in Hollywood to laugh at and applaud the performances of such sure-fire stars as George Jessel, Barbara Stanwyck, Richard Haydn, Louis Calhern, Edmund Gwenn, and Dan Dailey. The most startling and unexpectedly dramatic moments of the evening, however, were provided unwittingly by one of the greatest writers of our time—Aldous Huxley. Huxley has been cursed since birth by miserable eyesight, and when he suddenly announced some years ago that he was discarding glasses entirely and relying upon exercises to repair his failing vision, his friends were amazed. He even wrote a book to publicize his theory: "The Art of Seeing."

In recent years Mr. Huxley has led a strangely obscure and relatively unproductive existence in the film capital, seemingly overwhelmed by the very medium he had gone West to conquer. When he arose to make his address he wore no glasses, and evidently experienced no difficulty in

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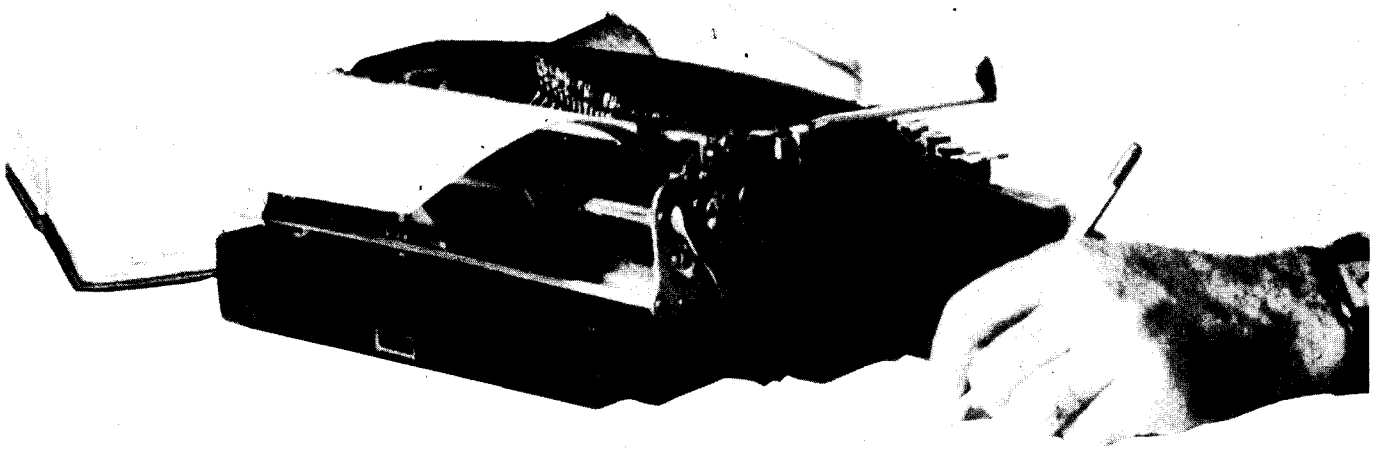
Lenard Kaufman

whose new novel is

DIMINISHING RETURN



"He is one of our important younger novelists . . . Whatever Mr. Kaufman writes will be worth serious consideration. He is the real thing."
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"An expert technician who uses dialogue brilliantly . . . His novels are clear and sharp, concise, neatly designed and dramatic."
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"One of the best of the younger crop of American novelists. Among his finer qualities are his honesty, integrity and simplicity."
—RICHARD O'CONNOR, *Los Angeles Herald-Express*

"He has a passion for honest writing. If you have read his *Tender Mercy* and *Jubel's Children* you know this—and how dramatically he can tell a story, and how warm and true is his feeling for people, especially people faced with fundamental problems."—JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

DIMINISHING RETURN is the dramatic, engrossing story of a writer who must choose between his wife and his work . . .

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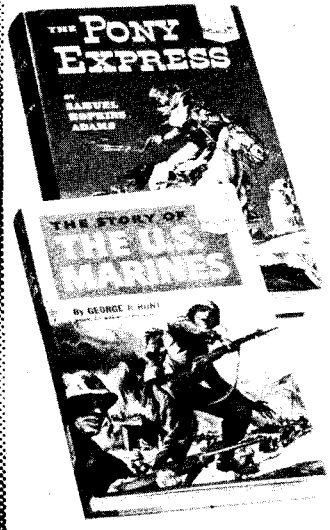

IN the short time since Random House first published Landmark Books, almost 700,000 copies have been sold. Landmarks filled the very great need for exciting, interesting books that would tell boys and girls about the great events in American history that are their heritage. Hundreds of teachers, librarians and parents have written to tell us that children just can't get enough of these good, exciting books by good writers and artists. And at the low price of $1.50 each, Landmarks are a superb value. The first twenty titles are listed below. See them at your bookseller's, and watch for the other new titles to be published soon.

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At all bookstores, $1.50 each. **RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.**

reading the paper he had planted on the lectern. Had the exercises really given him normal vision? I, along with twelve hundred other guests, watched with astonishment while he rattled glibly on with an announcement of the various awards. Then suddenly he faltered—and the disturbing truth became obvious. He wasn't reading his address at all. He had learned it by heart. To refresh his memory he brought the paper closer and closer to his eyes. When it was only an inch or so away he still couldn't read it, and had to fish for a magnifying glass in his pocket to make the typing visible to him. It was an agonizing moment, not improved by scattered titters from embarrassed onlookers.

I have neither seen nor talked with Aldous Huxley in years. I do not know what results he can—or will—claim for his system to improve eyesight, or what his own experiences have been. When I tried to find him after the Guild show was over he had

left. If this column comes to his notice, and he cares to answer, all the space needed will be given very gladly to his message. The author of "Point Counter Point," "Antic Hay," and "Brave New World" merits respectful attention whatever cause he may care to espouse.

A LADY IN THE Palm Springs Book Shop toyed with a reprint edition of Mary Jane Ward's "The Snake Pit" and asked a clerk, "Do you happen to know how Miss Ward first became interested in snakes?" . . . Knowing that Herman Wouk is deeply devoted to both the U. S. Navy and the Orthodox Jewish religion, an admirer in Beverly Hills suggested that he write next the biography of John Paul Cohen. . . . Ralph Stillwell and Bob Ruby obviously enjoyed showing me the rapidly expanding UCLA campus and their new, bustling students' supply store until I made the unforgivable blunder of asking how much smaller UCLA was than Southern Cal. . . . Bob Campbell told me of a friend whose sense of humor availed him naught when his wife sued for divorce. Her grounds: he didn't come home at least four nights a week. His defense: "I was sitting up with a chic friend." The judge's verdict: $200 a week alimony. . . . Rachel Brand, at Martindale's, was too busy selling books to Lauren Bacall and Maxwell Anderson to do more than buss me in passing. . . . Marion Hunter's better

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If you, like millions of others, have tried in vain to glimpse the real man behind the locked doors of André Gide's mind, the surprise of surprises awaits you in his latest work . . .

. . . et nunc . . . manet in te

The SECRET DRAMA of MY LIFE

BY ANDRE GIDE

Published in Paris

wherein he makes you an intimate of the strangest and most pathetic honeymoon ever revealed by a great artist

This English translation by Keene Wallis is at the same time touching, tender and magnificent.

Discloses The Agonized, Intimate Life of a Great Writer

(*From the Publisher's Introduction*)

Two splendid and tortured souls had to pass out of the life of our century before this little book could become part of our total literary heritage—the author, who first published it in Switzerland, in an edition limited to thirteen copies, and the author's wife, whose reading this book he dared not risk.

Gide's harrowing artistic and personal conscience caused him to expose in his *Journal,* the agonized life of a great writer who was also a sexual invert—some say in a lifelong search for absolution. The role of his wife, Madeleine, in what he called "the secret drama of my life," was suppressed by Gide during her lifetime.

He said this omission from his *Journal "blinded"* it. Without the story of Madeleine, said Gide, ". . . incomprehensible or inadmissable is the image of that mutilated self of mine which I present there, offering, in the ardent place of the heart, only a hole."

The ardent heart of Gide's life could have been found in thirty years of correspondence addressed to Madeleine, the only intimacies he evered offered her, letters to which, he said, he confided the best of himself. Nearly dead with anguish, abandoned by Gide, who had gone to England with a young man, Madeleine burnt the treasure of Gide's letters.

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There is great pain in this book. There are pitiful grotesqueries and vast caricatures . . . grotesqueries, monstrous ones, but they are the stuff of tragedy surrounding figures which stand out like minarets at the top of our civilization.

". . . at once self-accusing and self-excusing . . . which recounts the tragedy of his conjugal life. We already knew of the puritanical youth's marriage in 1895, after his first homosexual experience, and the death of his mother, to the first cousin he loved since childhood. As a middle-aged man he had referred to it as a marriage of heaven and hell."

—Justin O'Brien in *The Saturday Review*

". . . exposes with startling detail what Gide calls 'the secret drama of my life' . . . the story of his marriage to Madeleine, his first cousin . . . relates the fantastic tale of his honeymoon in Italy, where he often abandoned his bride for local *ragazzi* . . . Ordinarily one might render unto Gide the privacy of his private life, if it weren't he himself who made it part of the public domain. Moreover Gide's chronicling of his life is by far his essential legacy."

—Joseph A. Barry in *New York Times Book Review*

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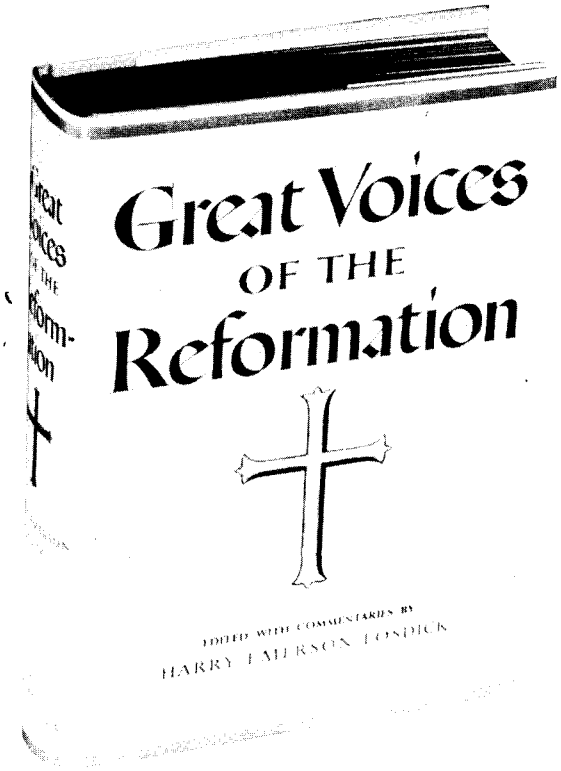
A selection of the most eloquent writings of the founders of Protestantism



The Reformation was a time of revolutionary upheaval, of venturesome, audacious thinking, of awakening intellectual life and discovery, a period of revolt against the ecclesiasticism which then existed. The men who stirred the ferment, who goaded and inspired the whole social order, were the early Protestant writers and thinkers —the great voices of the Reformation. They raised disturbing questions, cast doubt on old views, teased men out of lethargy and apathy into curiosity, wonder and quest.

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GREAT VOICES OF THE REFORMATION

Edited, with commentaries, by HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

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half, Dick Fitzgerald, grows handsomer every year. . . . A clerk in Lou Epstein's Pickwick Bookshop tried to sell a customer Spengler's "Decline of the West." "Nothing doing," snapped the customer. "Who cares what's happened to Hollywood?" . . . I wish I could have seen more stores in the L.A. area in the single day at my disposal, but they're all about fifteen miles apart. Next year I'll fill in the gaps. . . .

HOLLYWOOD FOLK, who dearly love practical jokes, are still chuckling over a brand-new one played on a big producer just after New Year's Day. Somebody—possibly a writer whom he had given the pink slip—inserted an ad signed by the producer in the classified column of a Los Angeles daily that read:

I WILL PURCHASE YOUR OLD CHRISTMAS TREES: 50 cents to $2.00 paid, depending on size and condition. Deliver to——, South Beverly Drive. If no answer, just leave on lawn with tag on tree, giving name and address. Offer good until Jan. 14.

When the unsuspecting producer came home from a trip he found some six hundred wilted Christmas trees cluttering up the sumptuous lawns of his estate. If he ever can find out who perpetrated that ad . . . ! !

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 460

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 460 will be found in the next issue.

LSQ JUWL MHCXHGCQ

WQBWQ UE SXJUK DW

LSQ IDBF LSHL QBHGCQW

H AQKWUB LU WQQ

DBWLHBLCZ YSHL DL

DWB'L WHEQ LU CHXRS

HL.

—HBUBZJUXW.

Answer to Crypt No. 459

Love your neighbor; yet don't pull down your hedge.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

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MEMO TO NEWSPAPER EDITORS:

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Dallas (Tex.) Times-Herald
Ottawa (Ontario) Citizen
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Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review
Brattleboro (Vt.) Daily Reformer
Hackensack (N. J.) Bergen Evening Record
Kingston (Ontario) Whig-Standard
Marshall (Tex.) News-Messenger
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Lexington (Ky.) Herald-Leader
New Orleans (La.) Times-Picayune
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Newport News (Va.) Daily Press
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San Angelo (Tex.) Times
Houston (Tex.) Post
Denver (Colo.) Post
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San Diego (Cal.) Union
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Senator Vandenberg was . . .

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. . . the most representative American of his time
. . . leader of the Republican Party from isolationism to internationalism
. . . first to stand up to Stalin
. . . the best loved figure in American public life
. . . author of a brilliant, intimate diary

What did they say about Senator Vandenberg?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT "If I could name only one delegate to the San Francisco Conference, you would be that delegate."

ROBERT LOVETT "If a man is very lucky . . . he has an opportunity once in his life to serve a good cause with men of singleness of purpose, integrity and complete understanding, and with friends whom he both admires and loves. I have had that experience with you."

What did Senator Vandenberg say about them?

EISENHOWER *The Senator wrote to Eisenhower on September 8, 1949:* "Your St. Louis speech was 'swell.' The same philosophy of the 'Middle Road' is indispensable to the preservation of our threatened American unity. No one can lead this indispensable 'revival' quite so well as you. I am one of those who deeply believes in you."

ACHESON "If there ever was any suspicion about his [Acheson's] being pro-Russian it is all different now. As a matter of fact he is so totally anti-soviet and is going to be so completely tough that I really doubt whether there is any chance at all for a Paris agreement."

THIS BOOK is an intimate record of the great years of the Senator's career — a daily journal pounded out night after night on a portable typewriter written under the strong compulsion of the day's emotion and therefore an invaluable chronicle of immediate reaction. Spontaneity and candor richly illuminate this self portrayal of one of the best loved figures in public life.

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The Industrialization of the Writer

ELMER RICE

Elmer Rice

THE Authors' League of America was organized in 1912 for the purpose of protecting the rights of creators of copyrightable material. When I joined it in 1914, the membership consisted almost entirely of fiction writers, dramatists, composers, and free-lance illustrators, that is to say, of "self-employed" individuals who created something and then sought a market for it. In 1920 I helped organize the Screen Writers' Guild in Hollywood, and when I came back East, the following year, I represented the Guild on the Council of the Authors' League. Since then I have served almost continuously on the Council in one capacity or another. Hence, I have been in a good spot to observe the changing status of the American writer in the past three decades.

In its first years the League dealt almost entirely with problems pertaining to the literary rights of authors (the illustrators dropped out to form their own organization), in particular with copyright, royalties, disposition of motion-picture and other subsidiary rights, enforcement of contracts. But the expansion of the motion-picture industry, the emergence and mushroom growth of radio, and now the even more rapid growth of television have brought about radical changes in organization and emphasis. The Screen Writers' Guild and the Radio Writers' Guild have become the recognized bargaining agents for writers working in those industries; and television writers, though not yet fully organized, are presently engaged in collective bargaining with networks and advertising agencies. The meetings of the Authors' League Council, clearing-house for all the Guilds, deal more and more with straight trade-union problems: minimum wages, conditions of employment, shop elections, loyalty oaths, strikes, boycotts, blacklists.

The meaning is unmistakable: the status of the writer is shifting, at an accelerating pace, from that of an independent creator to that of a wage-earner. I do not have the figures at hand, but it is safe to say that one third to one half the 8,000 or so members of the Authors' League are in the salaried category. Nor is this the whole story; for while the League membership includes most of the "name" writers in all major fields, it does not include the uncounted tens of thousands of professional writers who are salaried employees of newspapers and newspaper syndicates, of periodicals, of trade, Governmental, and professional publications, of publicity services and advertising agencies.

It is only in the theatre and in the book-publishing field (and to some extent in the magazine field) that the author still functions freely as an independent creator; and there are few dramatists or novelists, even among the most famous, who do not occasionally do a motion-picture or television job for hire. I seem to remember reading somewhere that only about a hundred American writers subsist entirely upon their royalties. Whether the number is fifty or two hundred is unimportant. The fact is that today almost every American writer derives all or part of his income from salaried employment.

BEFORE we examine the significance of this new and startling development in the world of letters it would be well to ask how it came about. The answer is not hard to find. The change in the status of the writer is merely a phase of the revolutionary process which has mechanized and standardized nearly every kind of productive work. A century ago manufacturing was still carried on largely by craftsmen. But because of its inability to compete with machine production, handicraft is rapidly becoming obsolete—not only in the United States, but throughout the world; the individual (and often highly creative) artisan has become an almost unidentifiable robot on an assembly line. Farming, too, becomes more and more industrialized; the erstwhile tiller of the soil is today an operator of complicated mechanical contrivances. This we call progress—and perhaps it is, insofar as it lightens labor and multiplies the supply of consumable goods. Anyhow, it is a process that is not

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Elmer Rice, distinguished American playwright and novelist, has been actively associated with the Authors' League of America, the Dramatists' Guild, American Civil Liberties Union, and the National Council on Freedom from Censorship.

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"Well—you see, I compose on an electric typewriter!"

likely to be arrested. Its increasing application to the world of letters must therefore be a matter of deep interest to all who value the independence of the human mind and the free flow of ideas.

Until the beginning of the present century, writing was almost entirely a self-instituted and highly personal enterprise. Even newspapers were largely organs of opinion, flavored by the prejudices and enthusiasms of their editors. But the independent newspaper is vanishing; the salty, homespun editor has almost entirely disappeared. As production methods become more efficient and circulation grows, the number of newspapers actually diminishes; the empire of the syndicates expands and the content of the individual newspaper becomes more and more standardized; news reports, columns, recipes, editorials, comic strips, book reviews, jokes are all produced for the mass market by assembly line techniques. Many newspaper writers have by-lines and a few, perhaps, write pretty much as they please; but in the main the writer for the daily, weekly, or monthly publication is an anonymous employee who is paid to write to order.

When we look at the new channels of communication — motion pictures, radio, television—it is not surprising to find that the industrialization of the writer is almost complete. For these media did not originate as spontaneous forms of human expression. Unknown until the twentieth century, they were born out of business enterprise by technology. From their inception, they were organized along industrial lines, and the role of the writer has been that of a skilled technician, essential to a manufacturing process. (I am not referring, of course, to the writer of books or plays who supplies the raw materials from which motion pictures and radio-television presentations are constructed, but to the salaried employee who fashions the material according to the requirements of the industry.)

Even the relative independence of the book writer and the playwright is precarious—may, perhaps, be doomed. For—to stick to the economic line—the manufacture of books and plays remains in the handicraft stage of industrial development, and may be obsolescent. Since assembly-line production methods are not easily applied, manufacturing costs are so high that the finished product cannot possibly be sold in competition with the mechanized output of the motion-picture or broadcasting studio (particularly of the latter, which appears to cost the consumer nothing!). The theatre is a shrinking business. In 1926, there were seventy theatres in New York and something like 200 plays produced. Last year, there were thirty theatres and about seventy productions. The road is dwindling; professional stock companies have largely disappeared. Production costs are so excessive that the financing of plays becomes increasingly difficult; very few productions pay off, and even successes show only a small margin of profit. The publisher, too, sees his costs mounting and mounting. Formerly, he could come out on a sale of 1,500 copies; now it is more like 7,500—obviously a figure that very few books attain.

The effect of this shrinkage of the market is to make it harder and harder for the young writer or the unorthodox writer to find an outlet. (I am not even talking about making a living!) Even the idealistic publisher and producer—and there are such!—must face the practical alternatives of making ends meet or going out of business. So the writer or would-be writer either gives up entirely or else hires himself out to a newspaper, motion-picture, or broadcasting factory. (I am not theorizing; I have known many able writers who have had to trade freedom for security.) It is no answer to say that there is always plenty of room at the top, that the brilliant writer will always find someone to produce or publish him, and an audience to appreciate him. No doubt. But literature, as a social and cultural institution, does not consist only of works of superlative genius. In a historic or ethnological sense it is the whole *body* of writing that expresses the mores and the thought of a given era and links it to the past and to the future. Furthermore, no writer works or can work in a state of splendid isolation; without the right climate and the right milieu, he cannot function freely or happily. Everybody wants to watch Ted Williams or Bob Feller in action, or see Helen Hayes and the Lunts perform, but neither baseball nor the theatre can exist without relief pitchers and pinch-hitters, or bit players and understudies. Even Shakespeare was no lonely peak, towering over a plain of mediocrity. He wrote in an atmosphere of fervid and unrestrained literary productivity. Today, though he outshines his contemporaries, he by no means eclipses them.

NOTHING that I have said is intended as a slur upon the author who writes for money, though I do not go all the way with Samuel Johnson's dictum that no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money. Certainly Grub Street is one of the oldest thoroughfares in the world and the first hack was probably an Assyrian scribe who hacked out a cuneiform eulogy of his royal master. Though Voltaire may not have seen the necessity, writers continue to feel that they must eat. Even to the well-fed author, money is proof of the existence of an audience; and to most writers that means as much as bread.

But an author may have an eye on the box-office or the best-seller lists and still write what he wants to write —or, at least, persuade himself that

(*Continued on page* 62)

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The Greater Garble

JACQUES BARZUN

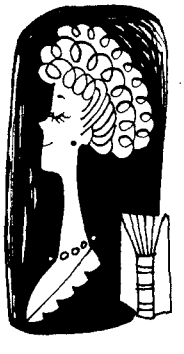
THIS is addressed to the busybodies of the year 4000, who will dig-up the remains of our erstwhile civilization and will judge our contemporary writers from such printed books as may survive. I tell them authoritatively: the text of the works written in prose are nearly all corrupt. They are deliberately garbled. Hence just as we, in our critical dealings with ancient writings, have to take into account the stupid scribe or the ignorant monk who piously altered the original, they as future critics will have to take into account the copy editor.

Since later comers, and many persons living today, will want fuller knowledge of this peculiar institution, I may be permitted to discuss it in detail. Good publishers do not merely design, print, and sometimes sell books: they edit them. For this purpose they regularly employ one or more copy editors. I do not refer to the general editors—the Saxe Comminses, the Stanley Salmens—who shepherd work in progress and offer broadly conceived suggestions to their authors. I mean the official—usually a girl, and a very nice girl—who takes the author's completed manuscript and goes over every word of it, marking it up with an indelible pencil before it is sent to the printers. The old monk, on the strength of his faith, tried to make the ancient author more seemly. The new girl does exactly the same to us on the strength of her college education.

Her ravages fall into three large categories: she alters spelling and punctuation; she enforces the house "style" in various ways to be discussed later; she contributes her own ideas of verbal felicity and taste. Her clearest ideal is consistency, but since in matters of language many questions cannot be solved by rule, consistency boils down to conformity with the reference books found in the office—Webster, the University of Chicago Press manual, or whatnot. The author is stretched on the bed of Procrustes by fair means or Fowler.

If young and innocent, the author knows nothing of what's going on. He thinks his book is being set up in type, after possibly a confidential look at his capitalization and the straightening out of typist's errors and comma-quotes combinations. He does not know that most of his which's are being changed to that's. He never suspects that words arbitrarily condemned by the particular firm are being replaced by supposed synonyms. Wherever he wrote "likewise," for example, the girl puts in "also"; if he used "at length," down goes "at last"; if he likes "as though," the text now reads "as if." When the girl decides that he has written an awkward sentence she freely recasts it, cuts it up, inverts it. She especially delights in transposing modifiers, and is a dab at moving "only" so that it shall be glued to the word it technically affects. If you come to grips with her, she's likely to say (like a sensible girl): "I only thought I'd be of help," but she will make you write something like: "I thought I'd be only of help"—and you're lucky that she stops shoving before the "of" instead of after it.

All this small-time pedantry and impertinence goes on behind the author's back, and at his expense—in two ways. First: when he accidentally discovers these changes on galley proofs, every restoration of his original wording will be charged to him as—supreme irony!—an author's alteration; recovering his own prose may cost him hundreds of dollars. Second: when he reads galleys—his eye bent on catching typos and his mind on the larger elements of composition—he will very likely overlook some of this pointless doctoring. Later, when he goes back to his published book, he will come with a shock upon a turn of phrase that he instinctively knows is not his—whether because it it stupidly commonplace or, on the contrary, affectedly correct. One way or another, his tone will have been denatured by the imposition of a house style, or more exactly, a college-girl style.



It is true that if the author is experienced and thinks he can afford a pleasant row, he may restrain the copy editor in mid-flight, hold the girl's hand to keep it from wrecking too many of his intentions. Actually, this is but a lesser form of imposition upon him, for he cannot begin objecting until she has begun to destroy, by which time he finds himself in the humiliating position of having to plead for his preferences, to excuse them as "quirks" (whereas hers are "style"), and generally to waste his time and eyesight going over a text that he knows to be well considered. If he balks at the whole routine he is told that certain authors can neither spell nor punctuate nor frame readable sentences. The clinching answer to this is, of course, that those authors' manuscripts should either not be accepted for publication, or else accepted under a clause giving the copy editor a free hand. But no argument, apparently, can reach the unproductive when they are bent on tampering with the work of craftsmen.

THE issue is anything but trivial. Its implications take us a good way beyond literature and "mere" style. Here we are in mid-century deploring on all hands the loss of individuality in a mass culture, the universal standardization, the itch of anonymous bureaucrats to interfere with private choice; and yet in the traditional medium for expressing individuality the custom of the trade steadily works to reinforce those very evils. We clamor about freedom of speech, we ridicule (with a shudder) the absurdity of soviet committees guiding Russian art; yet we submit without a word to the identical restraint. For no difference of principle exists between forcing Prokofiev to change his harmonic style and compelling a writer to change his syntax.

To be sure, the publisher's coercion of American writers is more gentle and roundabout, but the coercive state of mind and its instrument are there, all ready to act more stringently. Bad manners lead to crime, as the French say, and the point of etiquette involved is without question the ultimately political point. Changing a man's written word without his consent is a piece of rudeness no publisher would commit in his private capacity. In law, changing words over a man's signature is forgery. But collectively and anonymously, and with a trumped-up idea of the general good, changing a man's words becomes allowable, virtuous, imperative. From publishers' current practice to Bismarck's editing of the Ems Despatch, to bogus confessions under third degree, is a straight line along which one finds two things keeping pace with each other—the amount of pres-

(*Continued on page 48*)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

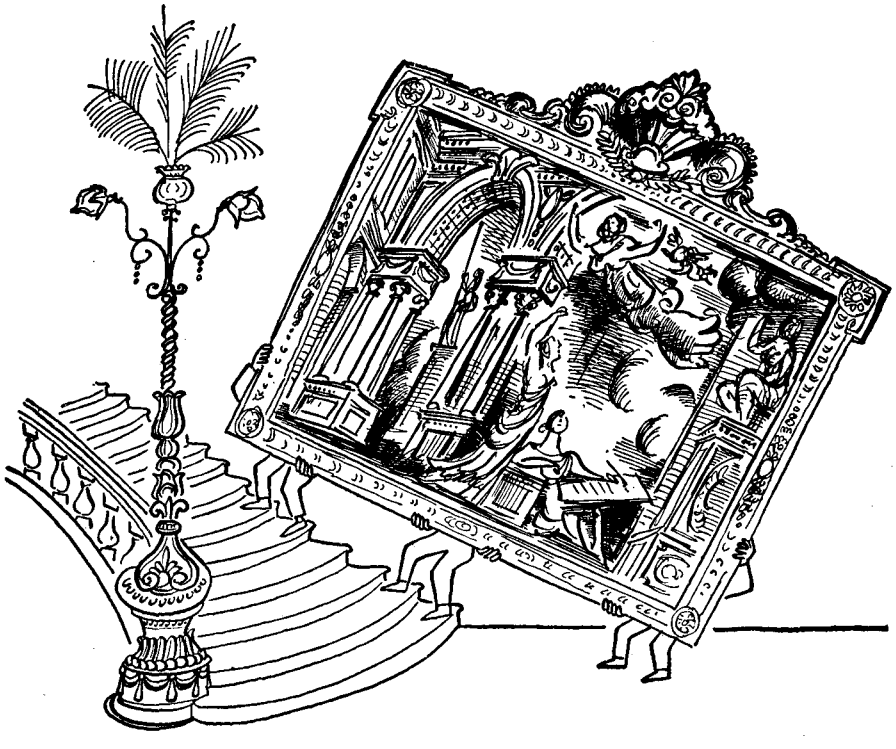
EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Mission to Moscow

FROM THE beginning, Churchill and Stalin understood one another perfectly. The best authorities agree that Stalin knew well enough that Churchill recognized him as a merciless conspirator to whom the war was only incidental to Russia's long-range aim of world conquest. On the other hand, it was plain to Stalin that Churchill's attempted jockeyings, at each conference involving the big three leaders, had the age-old underlying British motives of postwar balance of power. The first meeting of Churchill and Stalin, in Moscow in August 1942, resembled the head-on collision of two competitive bison. Churchill and Stalin share a few characteristics: each is capable of pursuing an ideal to the bitter death, each has a clairvoyance about the probable course of political events, they are rabidly patriotic in their different ways, they have almost unlimited mutual distrust, and they are gustatory champions in the grand style. For "Moscow No. 1," as the English call the conference, Churchill put on his siren suit and flew to the Russian capital in an R.A.F. bomber.

An observer says that Stalin, a cobbler's son without much distinction in the way of manners, goggled rudely at Churchill's attire at the moment of their first tête-à-tête. Churchill did not appear to be interested in the dictator's dress, which was the familiar gray Russian uniform. They got down to cases promptly. Talking through an interpreter, one Comrade Pavlov, Stalin expressed the opinion that Churchill's North African campaign was trivial and inquired, in effect, when England really planned to get to work and fight. Churchill's diplomatic *sang-froid* deserted him for a second; he jumped up to speak and pounded the heavy oaken table so hard with his right fist that some glasses at one end danced and rattled. At this point, the enigmatic Stalin got up and announced, through his vocal medium, who was becoming slightly rattled himself, "I don't know what you're saying, but, by God, I like your sentiments!" It was presumed by the English delegation that the Russian premier approved of Churchill's style of delivery rather than the words expressed. The group then recessed and threw down some vodka. By the second day, Churchill's spirits had revived, and he continued his argument that England was doing her utmost to lift the Russian burden. But by the third day, still stalemated by Stalin's mulish insistence on European landings, Churchill was, for him, badly depressed. He went back to his quarters, and, after a few warming nips of some first-rate brandy he had brought along, went into a distinguished tantrum. According to one member of the party, an aide tried to quiet him, pointing out that beyond doubt the room was wired for espionage. Churchill's response was to approach each suspicious fixture in the place—wall lamps, pictures, recessed bric-a-brac—and address them with supremely eloquent abuse of everything Russian he could call to mind. The performance went on for several minutes, while the other occupants of the room were treated to a historic exercise of one of the world's rich vocabularies. When the Prime Minister finished, with the Russian situation covered to his satisfaction, he said, "That will at least make for interesting reading."

From "Winston Churchill: An Informal Study of Greatness," by Robert Lewis Taylor (Doubleday).



—By Saul Steinberg for "Duveen."

Art and Henry Ford

THE LONE wolves of the art world at last decided to pack up. Even Duveen consented to merge his talents with the talents of those he regarded as stumbling pedagogues whose function it was to prepare American art buyers for his finishing school. Looking around for new clients, the purveyors of art were discouraged. Save for one towering monolith, the horizon was blank. That monolith was Ford. The dealers—Duveen, Knoedler's, Wildenstein, Seligman, and Stevenson Scott—decided to make a mass assault on him. Ford was an objective so big that there would be enough for them all, and too big, they felt, for just one of them to tackle and risk fumbling. It was like annexing Texas. The five dealers reconciled themselves to pooling their inventories as well as their aggressiveness. They decided to prepare a list of the Hundred Greatest Paintings in the World and offer them to Ford; thus in one transaction they could convert America's richest man into America's outstanding collector . . .

The pictures, each of which was accompanied by a scholarly text, were

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reproduced in three magnificent volumes; the dealers were going to present these books to Mr. Ford as an invitation to the dance. Representatives of the five firms and the three magic books went, by appointment, to Dearborn. Representing Duveen Brothers, as always, was Duveen himself. Mr. Ford was unaffectedly pleased to meet them, and when they displayed the superbly illustrated volumes of the hundred greatest pictures, his delight was immeasurable. He jumped up and called Mrs. Ford in to share his enthusiasm. "Mother, come in and see the lovely pictures these gentlemen have brought," he said, as Duveen later told the story. Mrs. Ford came in and admired the books as much as her husband had. "Yes, Mr. Ford," said Duveen, the spokesman for the delegation, "we thought you would like them. These are the pictures we feel you should have." Ford teetered on the narrow threshold between admiration and possession. "Gentlemen," he said, "beautiful books like these, with beautiful colored pictures like these, must cost an awful lot!" "But, Mr. Ford, we don't expect you to *buy* these books," Duveen hastened to explain. "We got them up specially for you, to show you the pictures. These books are a present to you." Ford turned to his wife. "Mother, did you hear that?" he said. "These gentlemen are going to give me these beautiful books as a present. Yes, gentlemen," he continued, "it is extremely nice of you, but I really don't see how I can accept a beautiful, expensive present like this from strangers." For perhaps the first time in his life, Duveen was inarticulate. When at last he found speech, he explained that the books had been got up to interest Ford in buying the pictures whose simulacra they contained. At this revelation, Ford's amazement vanished and he became again a man of business. "But, gentlemen," he said, "what would I want with the original pictures when the ones right here in these books are so beautiful?"

From "Duveen," by S. N. Behrman (Random).

The Coarser Sex

WOMAN is of much coarser fibre, of much less delicate sensibility and romantic sensitiveness, than man. A woman of refinement may without shame conceivably love a wholesale cheese merchant, for instance, and marry him, and live with him happily, and be faithful to him, and bear him numerous future wholesale cheese merchants. But it is difficult to think of a man of like comparative refinement loving, without at least a flicker of shame, a woman who confessed to having loved—if only for a day of her life—such a virtuoso of cheeses, however handsome, however noble of spirit, however intelligent.

That women are of much cruder esthetic, spiritual, and emotional grain than men is attested to by the few women who, as compared with men, marry for love. It is perhaps not unfair to say that where four men out of five marry for love, not more than two women out of five marry for the same reason. A woman will marry a man for comfort, for money, for spite, for fear of coming age, because she has been jilted by some other man, for social reasons—for a score of reasons other than those prompted by the heart. And what is more, she will be happy with this man who is not the choice of her heart. And what is still more, as time goes on, she will convince herself that she *is* in love with him. A man may do these things, but never with the same self-respect that a woman can do them.

Love, as the word has it, is impossible between an old man and a young girl not, as is commonly held, because youth seeks youth but more precisely because age seeks age. What a man over forty seeks in love is comfort—and this he may find only in one similarly seeking it. What a young girl seeks in love is a species of discomfort—and this she may find, readily enough, in an alliance with a man seeking comfort alone. A love that is comfortable is unknown to youth: when love becomes comfortable it is, to youth, no longer love. A young girl's love is of a piece with riding on a shoot-the-chutes, having a small fishbone lodge in the windpipe, and stepping suddenly from a warm room onto a snow-covered balcony.

(a) Love is the emotion that a woman feels always for a poodle dog and sometimes for a man. (b) Marriage is based on the theory that when a man discovers a particular brand of beer exactly to his taste he should at once throw up his job and go to work in a brewery.

—From "The World of George Jean Nathan," edited by Charles Angoff (Knopf).

End of an Affair

AS YOU AND I, Zélide, are perfectly easy with each other, I must tell you that I am vain enough to read your letters in such a manner as to imagine that you really was in love with me, as much as you can be with any man. I say *was*, because I am much mistaken if it is not over before now. You have no command of yourself. You can conceal nothing. You seemed uneasy. You had forced merriment. The Sunday evening that I left you, I could perceive you touched. But I took no notice of it. From your conversation I saw very well that I had a place in your heart, that you regarded me with a warmth more than friendly. Your letters showed me that you was pleasing yourself with having at last met a man for whom you could have a strong and a lasting passion. But I am too generous not to undeceive you. You are sensible that I am a man of strict probity. You have told me so. I thank you. I hope you shall always find me so. Is it not, however, a little hard that I have not a better opinion of you? Own, Zélide, that your ungoverned vivacity *may* be of disservice to you. It renders you less esteemed by the man whose esteem you value. You tell me, "I should be worth nothing as your wife. I have no subaltern talents." If by these talents you mean the domestic virtues, you will find them necessary for the wife of every sensible man. But there are many stronger reasons against your being my wife; so strong that, as I said to you formerly, I would not be married to you to be king. I know myself and I know you. And from all probability of reasoning, I am very certain that if we were married together, it would not be long before we should be both very miserable. My wife must be a character directly opposite to my dear Zélide, except in affection, in honesty, and in good humor. You may depend upon me as a friend. It vexes me to think of the number of friends you have. I know, Zélide, of several people that you correspond with. I am therefore not so vain of your corresponding

George Jean Nathan: "When love becomes comfortable it is, to youth, no longer love."

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with me. But I love you and would wish to contribute to your happiness. —*A letter from Boswell to Belle de Zuylen, July* 9, 1764 in *"Boswell in Holland," edited by Frederick A. Pottle (McGraw-Hill).*

A Punctured Dream?

MODERN pyschology has shown Freud's map of the mind to be as inaccurate and wildly fanciful as the pre-Columbus maps of the New World, and practical experience has shown psychoanalytic therapy to be insipid and unimpressive in its results. Consequently, even those who are still practising its methods have become filled with doubts and are constantly reinterpreting and rewriting the Master's gospel.

There are the Jungians and the Adlerians, the Stekelites and the Reichians, the Horneyites and the Menningertes, and the so-called Washington and Chicago Schools. Great indeed is the confusion of tongues, for psychoanalysis no longer is the be-all and end-all of therapy and many psychiatrists and psychologists do not accept its dictates at all.

The free marketplace of scientific ideas is very cruel. What was yesterday's favorite may be scorned and insulted today. Yet how shall it be otherwise, unless we are to deny ourselves the salutary influence of unfettered thinking in our efforts to attain truth? The first half of this century marked the rise of psychoanalysis—the second half of this century witnesses the twilight of psychoanalysis.

Why has psychoanalysis fallen upon such evil days? Consider the reports of two outstanding psychologists who themselves were psychoanalyzed. Carney Landis is the principal research psychologist of the New York State Psychiatric Institute. Some years ago he underwent a complete psychoanalysis (221 hours' worth) paid for by the Rockefeller Foundation. When it was over, Landis wrote a report.

"What is normality?" Landis asked his analyst one day after the analysis was well under way.

"I don't know," replied the analyst. "I never deal with normal people."

"But suppose a really normal person came to you," Professor Landis asked. "Even though he were normal at the beginning of the analysis, the analytic procedure would create a neurosis," the analyst admitted. . .

The experience of Edwin C. Boring, Professor of Psychology at Harvard University, was even more disillusioning. "It is perhaps enough to say," he wrote, explaining why he entered analysis, that ". . . I was depressed, that I seemed to achieve little, that the thought of my professional accomplishment's diminishing rather than increasing in the future seemed utterly intolerable to me. So evident was my emotional disturbance that many of my associates urged analysis upon me, and into psychoanalysis I went, therefore, as a last resource."

But after a 168 sessions with his analyst—who incidentally was a friend and pupil of Freud's—Boring reluctantly gave up. "I was sad and distraught, knowing that I had wasted one of four precious sabbaticals that are due me during my life . . . There is so much about this personality of mine that would be better if different, so much that analysis might have done and did not!"

I must be fair and grant that two failures of psychoanalysis are not at

all conclusive. Nevertheless, the reactions of two psychologists of the highest professional achievement and reputation cannot be lightly dismissed.

—*From "The Case Against Psychoanalysis," by Andrew Salter (Holt).*

Great Book

JIM AND I were reading in bed, a delightful habit we have always had. He was eating peanut brittle and reading Toynbee and underlining the sections he wished to remember. I picked up "Lysistrata" and the dictionary, heaved a large sigh, and prepared to improve my mind. From the moment Lysistrata got the Greek girls together to show them her exceedingly simple and practical system for preventing warfare, I was utterly enchanted. I chortled and snorted and read juicy bits to Jim. He said he had always thought it was overdone.

I could hardly wait until the next Great Books discussion. . . .

At that meeting, I realized for the first time what the discussions were meant to do. Not only did Mr. Dubinsky not like Lysistrata, but reading it had upset him so much that he had brought with him a regular Greek chorus of intense young professional dissenters to back him up. This time every chair around the table was filled and each face had a firm "for or agin" expression. From the moment when Mrs. Thomas said "Do you think the women of today could exact a similar penalty on their men for going to war?" the battle of the sexes raged. The women roared and laughed and quoted whole sections of "Lysistrata" from memory. The men didn't even think it was good comedy. Little private fights broke out. . . .

Mr. Peters chose Stella and said he would like to see the dames he knew sidestepping a bunch of booby-traps —why they couldn't even cross the street without getting their tootsies wet. Stella said sweetly, "But there wouldn't be any booby-traps—"

Miss Dent opened her mental Bible and asked Mr. Dubinsky, "Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass, or loweth the ox over his fodder?" He became helplessly purple and motioned to a member of his chorus to answer while Miss Dent smoothed her knit gloves like a cat cleaning its fur and looked toward the heavens. The answer amounted to "Aw—women always have thought they were smart," and Miss Dent murmured, "Doth not the ear try words and the mouth taste his meat?"

Then Miss Blennit, a soft-spoken secretary who carried on long soliloquies with herself consisting of "What-I-mean-to-say," and "If-you-get-what-I mean," began a wandering psychiatric dissertation based upon aggressions, tension states, and the antipathy of the females for the domination of the male which Mr. Wallin and I happened to overhear. I was quite interested but he silenced her with a roar. "Nonsense. Vomen are enough trouble ven dey don't read—vidout getting dem all stirred up wid dis trash."

A monotonous calling of time . . . [served] to remind the group that the library closed at ten o'clock. The men stormed out in a body and the women all had coffee together. We didn't get home until nearly twelve o'clock and "Lysistrata" is permanently burned in my brain. I have also found it a lot more stimulating than brandy as a conversation starter after dinner.

—*From "Forty Odd," by Mary Bard (Lippincott).*

Prolific Man

PROBABLY no writer recorded in history wrote so much as Lope de Vega. His non-dramatic works form twenty-one volumes; his extant dramas number more than four hundred, and yet most of those he wrote are lost. He boasted that he had averaged five *cuadernos* (twenty sheets) a day throughout the whole of his life, and that he had written more than a hundred plays in twenty-four hours each. Though preeminently a poet he produced many prose works, including novels that make pleasant reading as well as many accounts of festivals and *certámenes* (literary competitions). As a poet he touched every string in

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the lyre, composing in every branch, serious and light odes, elegies, and sonnets by the hundred.

But Lope's fame depends most upon his plays, upon which at first he set so little value. He wrote about eighteen hundred. If to this number are added four hundred *autos sacramentales* which Montalvan declared he wrote, we should have the incredible sum of 2,200 plays, and that without counting *entremeses*. Even if these figures go a little beyond the truth they exceed in size the output of any other European dramatist of the ancient or the modern world. They represent an entire literature. Their bulk exceeds the creations of all the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists put together. Lope had to satisfy an insatiable and critical audience and this he did successfully for over fifty years. Whatever blunders and anachronisms he committed, because of the speed with which he wrote, it is impossible to deny his versatility. One does not naturally associate his careless ease and sunny nature with tragedy, and in truth his tragedies are not oppressively numerous. Still he has produced somber masterpieces such as "Las Paces de los Reyes" and "El Caballero de Olmedo." Lope is always great when he attempts tragedy, and if he does not attempt it oftener it is because the public insisted on something in his lighter vein. In this lighter vein, in pieces like "Las bizarrias de Belisa," "La dama melindrosa," "El anzuelo de Fenisa" there is almost an unparalleled measure of gaiety, wit, movement, realism, and portrayal of character.

In his own lifetime Lope's reputation was universal. As early as 1603 one of his plays, "La Fuerza lastimosa," was acted in the sultan's seraglio at Constantinople. Others were translated into the native languages, and performed in Mexico. In France Lope's dramas were imitated by all the dramatists of that country, both mediocre and above mediocrity, till the eighteenth century. In England signs of Lope's influence in the seventeenth century are less manifest but by no means lacking. Though he lacks something of Shakespeare's ample and embracing note, his power of appeal is intense. Nearly every Spanish dramatist and many who were not Spanish derive from him. Almost everybody owes him much; he scarcely owes anything to anybody. No one in the world has contributed more lavishly to dramatic creation.

—From "Madrid Under the House of Austria," by R. Trevor Davies in "Golden Ages o f the Great Cities," (Thames & Hudson).

Authors' Notebook

—Illustrations from "Literary America" (Dodd, Mead).

Oxford, Miss.—Faulkner country.

Willa Cather's model for "My Antonia."

A Ring Lardner "pitcher."

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Current Books Worth Reading

The Nation's Critics Vote

FOR years critics of the American literary scene have been pleading with the publishers for fewer and better books. At least part of their wish has been granted, for since the first of the year (the period known in the book trade as the "spring season") somewhat more than 10 per cent fewer titles have been issued than during the comparable period of 1951. As to whether the quality has improved by the same ratio—it will take the critics many months or even years to judge that with any finality.

But the men whose duties as book editors and reviewers for the nation's leading newspapers require them to watch the publishers' new offerings closely have some interim opinions. This spring, as in the past, *The Saturday Review* has asked them to name five works of fiction and five general books which in their opinion merit the attention of discriminating readers. The twenty editors and critics who responded provide a consensus of the current situation that differs markedly from our previous polls. Many more titles, both fiction and general, were nominated than ever before. With voting so widely scattered, no book took a marked lead in its field.

Of the sixty-four general books named those suggested most frequently were:

"Lincoln and His Generals," by T. Harry Williams (Knopf)—five votes.

"Duveen," by S. N. Behrman (Random)—five votes.

"The Desert Year," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane)—four votes.

"Rome and a Villa," by Eleanor Clark (Doubleday)—four votes.

"The Life of Billy Yank," edited by Bell Irwin Wiley (Bobbs-Merrill)—four votes.

"Witness," by Whittaker Chambers (Random)—four votes.

"A Land," by Jacquetta Hawkes (Random)—four votes.

"Boswell in Holland," edited by Frederick A. Pottle (McGraw-Hill)—four votes.

Of the fifty-eight fiction titles nominated only four received four or more votes:

"Hold Back the Night," by Pat Frank (Lippincott)—nine votes.

"Winds of Morning," by H. L. Davis (Morrow)—four votes.

"Trial by Terror," by Paul Gallico (Knopf)—four votes.

"The Groves of Academe," by Mary McCarthy (Harcourt)—four votes.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

CLYDE BECK
The Detroit News

General

"So Long to Learn," by John Masefield (Macmillan).
"A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry," by Oscar Williams (Scribner's).
"The English Past," by A. L. Rowse (Macmillan).
"Skoal Scandinavia," by Edward H. Streeter (Harper).
"In My Opinion," by Orville Prescott (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"The Catherine Wheel," by Jean Stafford (Harcourt, Brace).
"Jefferson Selleck," by Carl Jonas (Little, Brown).
"Every Crazy Wind," by John Wallace Pritchard (Dodd, Mead).
"Winds of Morning," by H. L. Davis (Morrow).
"Diminishing Return," by Leonard Kaufman (Doubleday).

PAUL JORDAN-SMITH
Los Angeles Times

General

"So Long to Learn," by John Masefield (Macmillan).
"Lincoln and His Generals," by T. Harry Williams (Knopf).
"The Confident Years," by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton).
"The Case Against Psychoanalysis," by Andrew Salter (Holt).
"The Wild Wheel," by Garet Garrett (Pantheon).

Fiction

"Winds of Morning," by H. L. Davis (Morrow).
"Hold Back the Night," by Pat Frank (Lippincott).
"Bright Procession," by John Sedges (John Day).
"Trial by Terror," by Paul Gallico (Knopf).
"998," by Edward Hyams (Pantheon).

AUGUST DERLETH
Madison (Wisc.) Capital Times

General

"The Desert Year," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane).
"A Land," by Jacquetta Hawkes (Random).
"Man and His Gods," by Homer Smith (Little, Brown).
"Diary of George Templeton Strong," by Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey Thomas (Macmillan).
"The Man from Main Street: A Sinclair Lewis Reader, 1903-1950," edited by Harry E. Maule and Melville H. Cane (Random).

Fiction

"Back of Town," by Maritta Wolff (Random).
"The Devil in the Desert," by Paul Horgan (Longmans, Green).
"Story Number Two," edited by Whit and Hallie Burnett (McKay).
"The Works of Love," by Wright Morris (Knopf).
"The Groves of Academe," by Mary McCarthy (Harcourt, Brace).

BEATRICE WASHBURN
Miami Herald

General

"Last Voyage," by Ann Davison (Sloane).
"A Land," by Jacquetta Hawkes (Random).
"The Desert Year," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane).
"Duveen," by S. N. Behrman (Random).
"After All," by Norman Angell (Farrar, Straus & Young).

Fiction

"The Drum Singers," by Lau Shaw (Harcourt, Brace).
"This Crooked Way," by Elizabeth Spencer (Dodd, Mead).
"Back of Town," by Maritta Wolff (Random).
"Bidou Inheritance," by Edith de Born (Norton).

JOHN D. PAULUS
The Pittsburgh Press

General

"Mid-Century Journey," by William L. Shirer (Farrar, Straus).
"The Defense of Western Europe," by Drew Middleton (Appleton-Century-Crofts).
"Genghis Khan," by Harold Lamb (Doubleday).
"I Was Stalin's Prisoner," by Robert A. Vogeler & Leigh White (Harcourt, Brace).
"Witness," by Whittaker Chambers (Random).

Fiction

"The Hidden Flower," by Pearl S. Buck (John Day).
"Doting," by Henry Green (Viking).
"Julien Ware," by Guthrie Wilson (Putnam).
"Angel Cake," by P. G. Wodehouse (Doubleday).
"The Closest Kin There Is," by Clara Winston (Harcourt, Brace).

DAVID APPEL
Philadelphia Inquirer

General

"The Life of Billy Yank," by Bell Irvin Wiley (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Extraordinary Mr. Morris," by Howard Swiggett (Doubleday).
"Lincoln and His Generals," by T. Harry Williams (Knopf).

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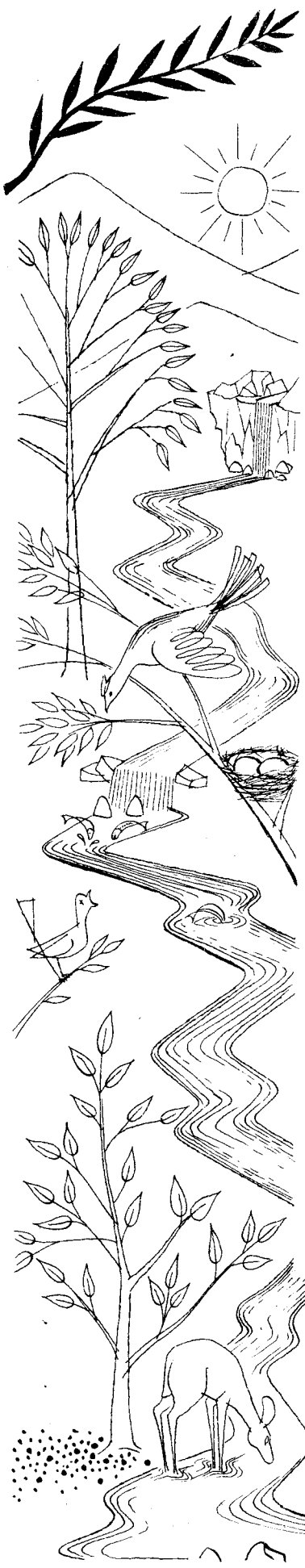


"The Struggle for Europe," by Chester Wilmot (Harper).
"A Land," by Jacquetta Hawkes (Random).
"The Golden Hand," by Edith Simon (Putnam).
"Mittee," by Daphne Rooke (Houghton Mifflin).
"Hold Back the Night," by Pat Frank (Lippincott).
"Winds of Morning," by H. L. Davis (Morrow).
"Spark of Life," by Erich Maria Remarque (Appleton-Century-Crofts).

Shore Nelson
Seattle Post Intelligence

General

"Duveen," by S. N. Behrman (Random).
"Lincoln and His Generals," by T. Harry Williams (Knopf).
"A Land," by Jacquetta Hawkes (Random).
"GBS: A Full Length Portrait," by Hesketh Pearson (Harper).
"As You Pass By," by Kenneth H. Dunshee (Hastings House).

Fiction

"The Groves of Academe," by Mary McCarthy (Harcourt, Brace).
"Naked to Mine Enemies," by Susan Yorke (Harcourt, Brace).
"Hold Back the Night," by Pat Frank (Lippincott).
"Trial by Terror," by Paul Gallico (Knopf).
"SPQR," by Paul Hyde Bonner (Scribner).

Charles Wesch
New Orleans Times Picayune

General

"Devil in the Desert," by Paul Horgan (Longmans, Green).
"The Life of Billy Yank," by Bell Irvin Wiley (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Under the Sea-Wind," by Rachel L. Carson (Oxford).
"The Glitter and the Gold," by Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan (Harper).
"The Eagle and the Roots," by Stella Adamic & Hilda Sidney Kerch (Doubleday).

Fiction

"Rage of the Soul," Vincent Sheean (Random).
"A Stone for Danny Fisher," by Harold Robbins (Knopf).
"The Unfilled," by W. G. Hardy (Appleton-Century-Crofts).
"Donkey Shoe," by G. B. Stern (Macmillan).
"Faraway the Spring," by Richard Hagopian (Scribner's).

W. G. Rogers
Associated Press

General

"The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1923," Vol. II, by Edward Hallett Carr (Macmillan).
"Rome and a Villa," by Eleanor Clark (Doubleday).
"The Judges and the Judged," by Merle Miller (Doubleday).
"The Life of Billy Yank," by Bell Irvin Wiley (Bobbs-Merrill).
"City of Discontent," by Mark Harris (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"Faraway the Spring," by Richard Hagopian (Scribner's).
"998," by Edward Hyams (Pantheon).
"This Crooked Way," by Elizabeth Spencer (Dodd, Mead).
"Down All Your Streets," by Leonard Bishop (Dial).
"SPQR," by Hyde Bonner (Scribner's).

Alice Dixon Bond
Boston Herald

General

"Henry Irving," by Laurence Irving (Macmillan).
"The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg," edited by Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr. & Joe Alexis Morris (Houghton Mifflin).
"Witness," by Whittaker Chambers (Random).
"Rome and a Villa," by Eleanor Clark (Doubleday).
"Mr. President," by William Hillman (Farrar, Straus & Young).

Fiction

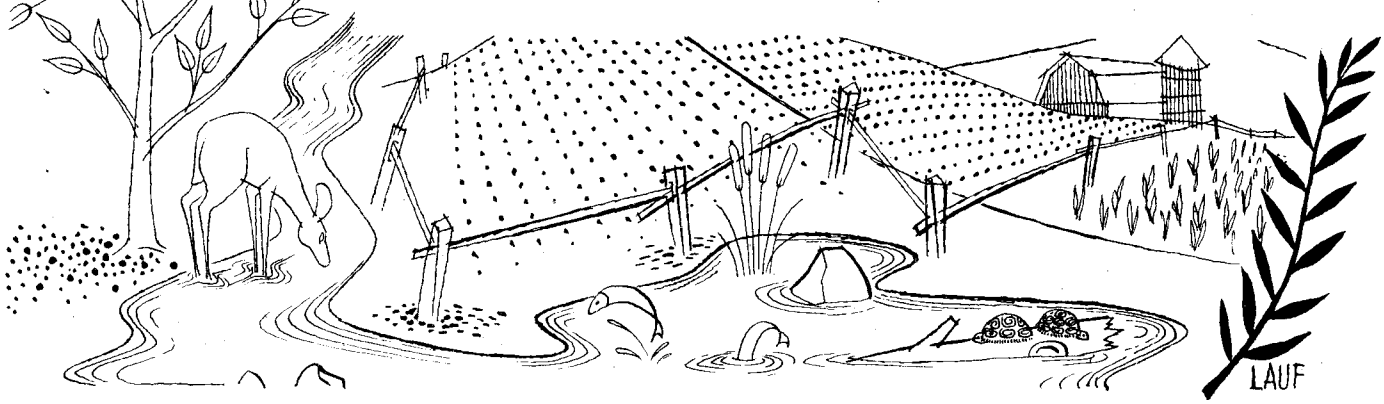
"This Crooked Way," by Elizabeth Spencer (Dodd, Mead).
"The Sin of the Prophet," by Truman Nelson (Little, Brown).
"Invisible Man," by Ralph Ellison (Random).
"The Son of Adam Wyngate," by Mary O'Hara (McKay).
"Trial by Terror," by Paul Gallico (Knopf).

J. F. Rothermel
Birmingham News

General

"The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg," edited by Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr. & Joe Alexis Morris (Houghton Mifflin).
"So Long to Learn," by John Masefield (Macmillan).

(*Continued on page* 45)



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Fiction. *Although it is difficult for many aspiring writers to believe, the nation's book reviewers and critics are as eager to discover new talent as it is to be discovered. This week we review the first novels of two young men of exceptional talent: "Invisible Man," by Ralph Ellison (below) and "Faraway the Spring," by Richard Hagopian (page 23). The first concerns a Negro in the American South and North, the latter an Armenian in a New England mill; but the basic theme of each—twentieth-century man beset by his environment—is identical. There is a danger, with all the ado made over novelists' debuts, that their crucial second and third books may be neglected. Robert K. Marshall, who won praise three years ago for his "Little Squire Jim," caps that performance with "Julia Gwynn" (page 24). Able but not surpassing their initial efforts are Fleming MacLiesh's "The Eye of the Kite" (page 24) and Jack Dunphy's "Friends and Vague Lovers" (page 25).*

Inside a Dark Shell

INVISIBLE MAN. By Ralph Ellison. New York: Random House. 439 pp. $3.50.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

"I AM an invisible man. . .Like the bodiless heads you see sometimes in circus sideshows, it is as though I have been surrounded by mirrors of hard, distorting glass. When they approach me they see only my surroundings, themselves, or figments of their imaginations—indeed, everything and anything except me."

From these first sentences of Ralph Ellison's powerful novel you are carried forward by an intensity rare in the fiction of any time or place. You become Mr. Ellison's protagonist, a dark Gulliver who is naive and intelligent, whose progress through our society is as "unreal" as a surrealistic painting, as believable as Raskolinikov's through crime and punishment.

In the beginning this invisible man thinks he is seen, even appreciated. He is the valedictorian of his high school class, liked by the Southern whites, invited to deliver his oration on the virtues of humility to an assembly of the town's important men. But before he can speak he is forced to watch (respectfully) a nude white girl dance and to join with other "niggers" in a blindfold battle royal in which everyone pummels everyone else for the gratification of the sadistic assemblage. When he speaks through the blood in his mouth he says "social equality" instead of "social responsibility," and only by the most abject apology retains the prize of a scholarship to the state college for Negroes. But, like Gulliver after his experience with the ingratitude of princes, he maintains long afterwards naive faith that he can attain the best of all possible worlds—and enjoy it.

Even in the deepest South it is unlikely that this thoroughly convincing episode could have occurred or that "Invisible Man" is intended to be a realistic novel, although the detail is as real as the peeling paint on an old house. Yet the essential truth that underlies the exaggeration and distortion of this and succeeding episodes is conveyed so skilfully that you feel here, for the first time, is the whole truth about the Negro in America.

In the course of his journey towards understanding, Mr. Ellison's protagonist meets nearly every significant variety of modern man. There is the Uncle Tom hungry for power who yesses and deceives the white trustees at the Negro college. There is Mr. Norton, the school's rich benefactor, who falls into a coma after hearing the story of Jim Trueblood who has slept with both his wife and his daughter. Most devastating of all, perhaps, is the portrait of Brother Jack, leader of the "Brotherhood," who trains Mr. Ellison's protagonist to become a modernized Booker T. Washington and then deserts leader and led because of a sudden shift in party policy. The minor others—Ras, the Exhorter and Destroyer; Rinehart, the preacher and numbers-man; Sybil, the white woman who pleads to be raped; Lucius Brockway, hater of unions and other "niggers"; the many Negroes who are kind and trying to make the best of their invisibility—are as vivid as the minor characters in Dickens.

This novel's multiplicity of scenes, techniques, and ideas; the layers under layers of meaning; its

THE AUTHOR: Ralph Ellison's young—and he thought true—love was music. He played trumpet in the Oklahoma City school band, studied harmony and form, and at Tuskegee (1933-36) headed and/or participated in all the musical goings-on. His aim was composing, but he reckoned without T. S. Eliot's "The Wasteland," which sparked his grand passion—writing—and changed the direction of his life: "Eliot said something to my sensibilities that I couldn't find in Negro poets who wrote of experiences I myself had gone through." Then, tangled in some scholarship red tape at the beginning of junior year, he went to New York for temporary work and study (music, sculpturing)—and never returned. For he came on something of Eliot's sensibility in a Richard Wright poem and then in his friendship. Wright suggested that he try writing—"and from then on I was lost." During the intervening years he has published short stories, articles, reviews, and criticism; lectured at Bennington and NYU; worked in a factory, for a psychologist, and at free-lance photography; tinkered with audio-electronics, and done a wartime stint in the Merchant Marine. Another novel is "on the bench," though he is reluctant to discuss its theme. Later he plans a critical book on some aspects of American culture, including jazz, literature, moral problems. He fears America's refusal to face up to its moral responsibilities but despite bitter Jim Crow experiences, especially in the Merchant Marine—"life on a second-class basis I didn't like. I was full of rage about it"—he loves the USA and articulates his feeling thus: "I think it's a wonderful country. It's the only country I know—naturally I love it. An artist has to establish an attachment to a land. He can't reject his heritage." So, feeling very much a part of America and not just a member of a minority group, he sees our problems as basically human, not racial, and has tried hard not to write merely another sociological book—"people who want to write sociology should not write a novel"—but to speak for the greatest number of people. "I guess they call that universality," he concluded.

—Eloise Perry Hazard.

—*Gordon Parks.*

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—DeMirjian.

Richard Hagopian—"a bitter concentrate."

complicated and skilful use of symbols—all these make more inevitable than usual that a review will misrepresent. One wants to illustrate the rich complexity and quote passage after passage of Mr. Ellison's magnificent prose, but one also thinks it even more important to make clear that "Invisible Man" is not just a novel about Negroes; the protagonist is an hyperbole that represents most men.

Mr. Ellison's fundamental point is that we all tend towards the condition of invisiblity, that Communists, Big Businessmen, politicians, educators (and those they influence) increasingly ignore the individual and see only the abstract integer that fits into a statistical table or a financial statement. Only in a return to the nearly forgotten American principle of the importance of difference, of the value of "color" in all of us, of a unity that is proud to encompass diversity, does salvation lie for the United States, Russia, India, or any country you care to name. This "message" is eloquently and unobtrusively imbedded in the texture of a novel that can also be read in as many other ways as something by Kafka or Joyce.

Many Negro writers of real distinction have emerged in our century: Arna Bontemps, Ann Petry, Chester Himes, Langston Hughes, Gwendolyn Brooks, Richard Wright. But none of them except, sometimes, Richard Wright has been able to transcend the bitter way of life they are still (though diminishedly) condemned to, or to master patiently the intricacies of craftsmanship so that they become the peers of the best white writers of our day. Mr. Ellison has achieved this difficult transcendence. "Invisible Man" is not a great Negro novel; it is a work of art any contemporary writer could point to with pride.

The Poor & the Dull

FARAWAY THE SPRING. By Richard Hagopian. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 242 *pp.* $2.75

By Truman Nelson

RICHARD HAGOPIAN'S first novel is a bitter concentrate of the ignoble agonies endured by a Chaplinesque Armenian, a Mr. Setrak Dinjian, ineffectual and improvident father and resident of a slum tenement in Chelsea, Mass. He steps with a whimper into the ranks organized by the successful cult of failure now leading the literary parade. He has met their test of character, that the whole man is the hollow man.

His adventures begin when he is trapped on a stalled streetcar and is laughed at by the other passengers because he sports, unknown to himself, a string of beads draped around his neck by a mischievous son ten hours before. He moves on, defenseless, through an abrasive world, grating his eyeballs on a crippled and neurotic son, a poverty-stricken wife, and three other children whose capabilities seem destined never to be realized.

Setrak's particular distinction, which is to become his wound, is that he is a champion backgammon player, a real eminence in an Armenian community. But at this stage of the game he plays only when the spirit moves him and he is not a man of constant spirit. His sole junction with his people is a mocking friendship with a grocer named Manoog who unites in sad discussions his futile satyriasis with Setrak's chaste and holy gamesmanship. They meet in the store because the last time Manoog visited Setrak's home he provoked a drunken incident in which Setrak's wife fell downstairs with a baby in her arms, crippling it for life.

Setrak's particular fault was that although he was skilful shoe-stitcher he was always throwing up his jobs. Also he drank a lot, although the connection here is not exploited and it is not clear whether he drank before or after his jobs, or whether it was part of a motivating and destructive cycle.

This triangular composition is the pivot of action in "Faraway the Spring." Setrak's crippled son must be sent "West" to be healed. Because he never works steadily, the money for this must come from his backgammon playing. Thus, in a climatic moment he draws his pay, quits his job, and goes to a rendezvous with a wealthy backgammon enthusiast in the house of a woman of easy virtue. He drinks, bets and loses all his money. Meantime his crippled son, Leo, falls in love with the girl next door and loses her to a healthy dancing man. Setrak, in desperation, brings Leo to a factory for a job and the boy is humiliated and rejected. Just when it seems that the winter of discontent will never end the wealthy backgammon player whom he has met only once dies, leaves him a bundle of money, and the faraway spring comes closer.

Since the nexus of this story is misery long drawn out this summary is not an unfair one. The work, as the ending will confirm, is conceived in disorderly terms of effect without cause, all aches being personal without definition of the deep material and economic forces actually responsible for this pattern of life.

Mr. Hagopian is a sensitive and compassionate writer. His heart is full and heavy for the poor. If he could only cast off this fashionable malaise of defeat he has all the equipment to bring a transfusion of the richness and pungency of the Armenian character to our thinning blood; a character fiercely proud and nationalistic, not basely so about its conquests but nobly about its splendid and unique national culture.

Truman Nelson is the author of "The Sin of the Prophet," a recently published novel about the abolition movement in New England.

Between Green Grasses

By Mary Moon

REMEMBER April ?
all wind and rain
with white clouds flying,
and small as mortal word
grown great in being,
love lay between us
still as stone
till winter's breaking.

Within the spell of silence,
violets reached up
to entangle your feet,
to capture your fingers—
reached up to prison
your lovely sleep in fragrance.

Then bending down
between green grasses growing,
I saw your face shine petal-white
and fair,
with rain drops tear drops
on your shadowed cheek,
and April in your eyes forever
more.

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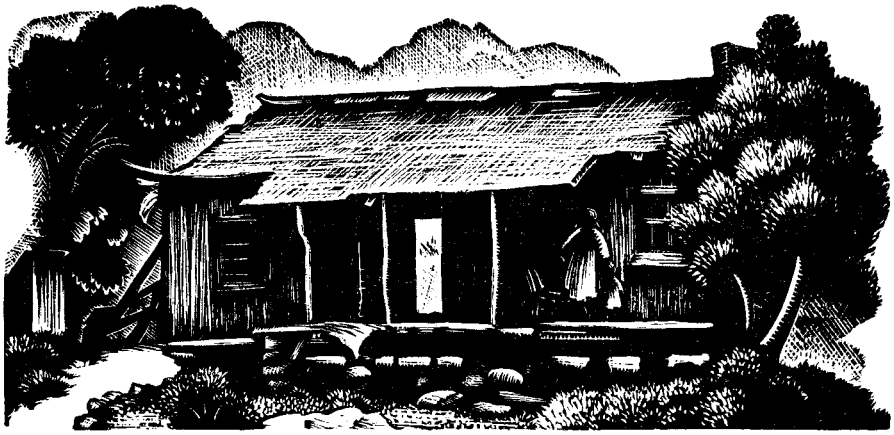

—By Claire Leighton from "Southern Harvest."

North Carolina Potpourri

JULIA GWYNN. By Robert K. Marshall. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 228 pp. $3.

By Victor P. Hass

BACK in 1949, Robert K. Marshall published an extraordinary folk-tale called "Little Squire Jim." It was the first panel in his spiritual homecoming to the hills of North Carolina. Now, in "Julia Gwynn," he has published a second panel and, if anything, it is a more astonishing performance than the first. It marks the ripening of a rich and powerful talent.

In "Little Squire Jim" Mr. Marshall wove a sturdy fabric out of the lives of the half-Elizabethan hill people in the remote valleys above Tateboro, North Carolina. It was a loving portrait of "natural man" in one of his last redoubts. "Julia Gwynn" is centered upon the microcosm that is Tateboro and again there is the attention to telling detail that brings his people to vibrant life. Again, too, the core of the story is anchored to a celebrated murder trial. Indeed, most of the immediate action of "Julia Gwynn" is concurrent with that of "Little Squire Jim"; in the first novel you are inside the courtroom much of the time, in the second you are outside.

Mr. Marshall tells Julia Gwynn's story in flashbacks as skilful as any John P. Marquand ever contrived. Thirty-five years before the story opens she had entertained at a musicale to mark her entry into Tateboro society. A wealthy Baltimorean, she had married big, handsome, brutal, spoiled Joseph Huger Gwynn and he had brought her to fabulous Gwynn Place. After an entry that had her guests by the ears, Julia had begun to sing. At the peak of her recital Gwynn, potted to the hairline, had rudely passed in front of her and left the great hall.

Tateboro saw little of Julia after that while a legend of beatings and screams drifted out of tightly-barred Gwynn Place. And then, thirty-five years later, with the murder trial of her nephew, Jim Boyden, about over, Julia, then eighty-two, had ridden into Tateboro in her barouche, the flaming red hair of her wig flying, to announce that she had killed her husband. Only a few days later the grand dame of Tateboro sat in the same court in which Little Squire Jim had answered a jury of his peers.

That is the bare outline of the plot and it does no justice to Mr. Marshall's consummate skill in creating the people of a town. It neglects Hallie, who maintained a fiction throughout a life of determined invalidism; Rosa, her daughter, who wasted a life on her hare-brained mother; Cathcart, the merchant, who saved a bolt of jade brocade for Julia for thirty-five years; Waldo, Julia's misshapen retainer; Lucette, Gwynn's incomparably lovely mistress; and most of all it neglects the stunning portrait of Julia herself. She may be held together with wigs and what-nots, but what a woman she is!

It is only fair to point out that Mr. Marshall makes no provision in "Julia Gwynn" for the reader who missed his first novel. He blandly assumes a foreknowledge of Jim Boyden's story, which makes it a little rough on those who do not have that knowledge. But this is a minor flaw in an otherwise brilliant novel.

Writer in Flight

THE EYE OF THE KITE. By Fleming MacLiesh. New York: Random House. 243 pp. $3.

By Oliver La Farge

SO far that new element of man's journeying, the air, has hardly even begun to produce the literature that has developed around sea, desert, and mountains. Its Melvilles and its Homers are yet to come. Thousands of years of seafaring over the earth have produced only a moderately numerous succession of men who were both seamen and poets; the airman-poet combination that gave us "Wind, Sand, and Stars," for instance, has simply not had time and numbers to happen often. Mr. MacLiesh seems to have more than a little of that combination. A large part of "The Eye of the Kite" is made up of passages dealing with flight, all of them fine.

Unhappily "The Eye of the Kite" treats of much more than flying. A flight in which almost everything happens, including the final and lamentably foreseeable crash, is used as the thread of action for another story, which is not really a story but a string of descriptions, characterizations, and bizarre incidents intended, apparently, as an excoriating essay on the depravity of our times.

The characters are not convincing. The principal one, other than the co-pilot who tells the story, is the stock-type tycoon Koenig. We have had him many times in fiction, but we do not encounter him whole in real life. The unreality of the characterization can be illustrated by one item: Koenig is a pilot himself; he is a brilliant, practical, master of the fine detail as well as the grand sweep; he plans to cross the continent the next day and he knows that there will be dirty weather near the end of the flight. With all this it is his whim to drag his pilot and co-pilot with him on an all-night debauch of a thorough kind. The author thinks this shows ruthlessness; it shows idiocy.

The co-pilot is the narrator and we get more of him than of anyone else. We get his observations of people, his memories, his essays on totalitarianism. All of the characters speak out of character at times, making speeches for the author.

"The Eye of the Kite" is overwritten. It is on the lush side. It contains some excellent scenes and some really startling ones. It is not a good novel, but the story of a flight which is woven through it and forms a sort of separate unit of its own is splendid.

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Cypriote Fun

FRIENDS AND VAGUE LOVERS. By Jack Dunphy. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 237 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

THE cities and the seacoast of Italy are providing an exotic setting for novels of a strange breed of American voyagers who, unlike the birds of passage, have no course they are pursuing or any destined end to their flight. They may light for a time in Rome, like Tennessee Williams's aging actress Mrs. Stone, who surrendered herself to youthful gigolos, or flock to Capri or Cyprus, presumably the island where Jack Dunphy's coterie of homosexuals exhibit their inane and melancholy lives in his second novel, "Friends and Vague Lovers." They are incapable of passion, though their chatter, their emotional instability, and small jealousies give them the appearance of momentary vitality and exoticism which can be as depressing to the observer as the madcap erotic games they play with each other.

Another ingredient must be added to give coherence and dramatic value to these recent products of American civilization. Mr. Dunphy has found his amalgam in his portrait of Alice Markham, a rich divorced woman of uncertain age who had never loved her husband and who had embraced her son in the coils of maternal possessiveness. When her son was a small child she had carried him in a sack on her back and then she had strangled his manhood until one day he had shot himself when he was about to fly once more from her. She had found peace in the island pension where she spent her days sleeping and reading, half way between life and death. She awoke suddenly, though not to passion, of which she was incapable, when she fell in love with a pale young man, and it is not recorded that she was shocked to discover that Sheridan had been her dead son's lover. Her obsession is in part incestuous, an emotion that is almost inevitably a part of novels of this nature.

Nevertheless, whatever are her limitations, she had withdrawn from the shadow of nothingness, escaped from the company of the living dead. Sherry, who lived on the bounty of an older writer in Rome, had joined on the island a fugitive colony of his own kind where "he was as much hated as loved," writes Mr. Dunphy, "and frequently by the same kind of person." He seemed to have come from nowhere, for he claimed at times half of the American states as his birthplace. He had an enormous capacity for sleep. After one feverish night which had culminated in the erotic joy of chaining his wrists in silver handcuffs, he stayed in bed for days while Mrs. Markham read to him. None of his friends came to see him, neither Cooper, the only one he loved, nor the painter Haller, who was sharing a house with Billy Helion, nor the lean and beautiful boy known only as Crystal, who was shared by several, nor Mrs. Christophe, who did not object to a young student's love for her husband. There was only Mrs. Markham, reading to him while he slept. She had wrapped the tentacles around him that had killed her son. In a week they were broken when his exasperated attempt to make love to her exposed his impotence.

Sherry ran away with the golden boy Crystal, though where he was headed he did not know. Characteristically, he had left his belongings in Cyprus, and when his flight was broken and he returned, Alice Markham's tentacles were waiting for him. They left together for Rome or somewhere in the far North, providing it was away from the sea.

Without the embroidery of a style that is sensitive, decorative, and precise this story of the emotional escapades of men and women who have retreated from everything that gives life meaning or passion might be unbearably trivial or depressing. Mr. Dunphy has succeeded in presenting his vague lovers as both comic and tragic figures. Readers who are not inured to the common theme of homosexuality in contemporary writing may experience a revulsion against these exotic creatures, but there can be no doubt that "Friends and Vague Lovers" is entertaining and that his characters are drawn from some approximation to life.

Wiles & Whims

SON OF A TINKER. By Maurice Walsh. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 245 pp. $3.

By Thomas Sugrue

WHEN you have been reading the stories of Maurice Walsh for a while you get into the notion that there is no trouble at all in the world that cannot be solved by the love of a lass whether Irish or Scottish or Spanish or even American—if only the pig-headed, self-centered, honor-bound lug of a lad will stop his everlasting interfering and let her have her own way. There is nothing at all like the sense of a woman, particularly when she has the eye of her heart fixed on a target; the fact that Ireland's men are the most obtuse in the world when it comes to the business of love-making forms a continuous problem for ladies whose affections have the misfortune to become glued to Gaels. You can find out all about these poor females in almost any of Mr. Walsh's books. The current volume contains nine stories, five long and four short, and in between the woman-stuff there is the usual man-stuff—fishing and fighting and drinking. But whatever a man seems to be up to, in a Walsh story he is actually only waiting around to be claimed by the girl who has marked him out for her own. He is not an unwilling quarry, but almost invariably he has decided that she belongs to somebody else, and in decency therefore cannot be courted by him. In the end he is caught, bound, and led happily captive.

The opening tale tells of a young tinker who decides to abandon the free and roaming life of his people, the itinerant peddlers of Ireland, and join the modern fashion of selling by samples and delivering by van. The obstacle to *his* girl is his employer, who is the young woman's father; the old man thinks little of tinkers and has to be shown that they are steady enough fellows to take in as sons-in-law. The next long story is about a bonesetter; the obstacle facing him is not only the bad hip of his beloved, but her husband and a potential lover. In "Not My Story" the hero is badly confused by two rivals for the heroine's hand, both of whose cases he is asked to present. This is a John Alden plot and will not startle Americans, who know that propinquity is the mother of involvement. In "My Fey Lady" the labor set before the hero is almost hercu-

(Continued on page 64)

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The Saturday Review

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Sex & Literature

MRS. GRUNDY was at least a hundred years old when she began to waste away in the early Twenties of this century. She left about as many descendants as the Jukes family, but they had fortunately little knowledge of literature and no common sense, so that their effect on the book-reading public, which is now almost shockproof, has been insignificant. The use of the four-letter word in war novels resulted only in boredom or lifted eyebrows. Sadism, incest, and the commoner perversions are in print these days for anyone to study, but these stale and profitless themes have little power over sane and balanced minds.

Judge John M. Woolsey, in his decision seventeen years ago, wrote that the effect on the reader of James Joyce's "Ulysses" was that of an emetic and not an aphrodisiac, perhaps referring to the Molly Bloom chapter, at which almost any copy of the book will, as if by magic, open of its own accord. Three years ago Judge Curtis Bok in a Philadelphia court decided that the nine modern and well-known books he had surveyed were not pornographic since they left him either with a sense of horror or pity for the degradation of mankind. Too many of our writers have used these decisions, and the freedom that the decline and death of Mrs. Grundy has given them, to emasculate literature, to remove from it the emotional power that resides in the strongest of all themes, the effect of honest passion on human conduct. Love in modern literature has been reduced to a state of cold eroticism; it has become a profitless and undignified occupation. When the amorous adventures of today's heroes and heroines are explored, either in the cold statistics of a Kinsey report or in fiction, they produce neither beauty nor exaltation.

The fact is that love without passion is a more enduring and tolerable emotional experience than passion without love. The first may have produced at least a static sense of happiness and well being; the second is a temporary fever that leaves the victim only momentarily satiated and elated; it is rarely worth writing about. The American forces abroad during the war were perhaps as erotic an army as ever fought its way across Europe, but the amorous adventures of soldiers produced only repetitious and monotonous chapters. Few of the war novels that dealt with their conquests over the half-starved girls and women in the occupied countries have lived in the memory of their readers. In John Horne Burns's "The Gallery," in which Naples was the scene of amorous carnage, there was a certain tragic sense of pity shown for the victims. In Robert Lowry's "The Wolf That Fed Us" there was neither pity or terror, only a repetition of the same sordid quests through the streets of Rome. It proved impossible for our young writers to create literature out of this material, for the women themselves rarely came to life, though it was, of course, a fair bargain: the depreciated lira, the food and cigarettes with which the women were bought enabled them to keep from starvation and to feed their families, perhaps a child or a husband.

In the hands of a great writer this material might have produced novels of mordant power or bitter satire. Instead it depreciated the value of true passion and love to such an extent that these are now almost absent in our literature, though there is more than enough of sterile eroticism. When sex on this basis had lost its power to entertain the reader in the recital of normal and fugitive relationships, it was transmuted to perversion tinged with sadism.

This phase of contemporary erotic fiction cannot endure. It is repellent and as cold as ice, and too brittle to call for any talent greater than cleverness and a colorful style. The consciousness of its limitations is perhaps responsible for the obvious lack of resounding critical protests against this final disillusionment and separation from the profoundest of human emotions. It is a dismal and sordid trail, leading nowhere, and the sooner it gets there the better. To shout for the police and the censors would merely add to the sensationalism that gives this kind of fiction what little appeal it has for the public. It is a minor phase of the prevalent exhibitions of the disillusionment and despair of our creative writers. It is safe to say that it will soon pass and leave few regrets behind it. —H. S.

Apperception

By Sara King Carleton

NOTHING to hear. We had come through a quiet wood
By a path that turned at length at a reed-rimmed lake.
The water lay a shimmer of light where we stood,
And one leaf fell through the trees, down, down without break.
Through the utter stillness it fell. Sight saw
The twig as it passed, its infinitesimal clutch
At the cheek, at the shoulder, the reaching out of a claw,
Not felt, but seen. Sight was akin to touch.

Up from the swamp, from the mouldy and bitter waste
Of wood bark rotting, of motionless leaves that hung
Yellow and bronze and crimson, came acrid taste
Dank to our lips. In the probing silence that clung
And cut through the jargon of color, tang and red
Fused into one sense only. "Listen," you said.

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Memories of Masefield

SIR: Many thanks for the article by John Masefield [*SR* Mar. 15]. It carried me back many years to the time of the First World War, when, as a young instructor in Grinnell College, Iowa, I listened to a lecture by the poet with readings from his own works.

In those days my favorite of all his poems was "Sea Fever," and I recall that it was the favorite of my students also. This may have been because our minds were focused at that time upon the sea. America had not yet become conditioned to horrors, and Germany's U-boat atrocities were in every mind. The "freedom of the seas" was then no mere catch-word culled from the history books, but a great and living principle to be cherished and fought for. "I must go down to the seas again" had a connotation for us far beyond that intended by the poet. It suggested something definite and concrete to every red-blooded American, and Masefield, as a citizen from a country fighting to uphold a principle as vital to us as to her, was welcomed at Grinnell in 1917 for his nationality, as well as for his genius.

I believe, however, that "Sea Fever" would be the choice of the young in any generation. There is something about the lilt and swing of it and the spirit of bold adventure that breathes from every line which is of the very essence of youth.

But, while, at past sixty, I am still young enough to love this poem, I confess that in these later years I turn most often to Masefield's beautiful lines "On Growing Old":

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your cornland, nor your hill-land, nor your valleys,
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where the young knight the broken squadron rallies.
Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Thank you, John Masefield, for one of the most delightful of my memories, and for the ever-present joy which your poetry brings me.

MABEL YEOMANS SPEARS.

Utica, N. Y.

Funny, If Not So Serious

SIR: The article by E. Romanova, "What Soviet Writers Think of The Saturday Review" [*SR* Mar. 8], would be screamingly funny if it weren't so deadly and wickedly serious. The average American who occasionally hears genuine echoes from behind the Iron Curtain knows well that Russian propaganda is prone to invent means that will compass desired ends; but readers with a dozen optional guesses would not have picked *The Saturday Review* as the target for so hilariously ludicrous a perversion of the truth as that Miss Romanova perpetrated. One dare not accuse this Stalinist tribune of writing with tongue in check, but what healthy-minded American can refrain from wondering how the human species can spawn thinking creatures who appear to take supreme delight in affixing horns and hooves to every American that isn't a Communist?

LABAN LACY RICE.

Ware Neck, Va.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Wasn't that waltz kind of short, M. Chopin? Only sixty seconds."

It Happened in Los Angeles

SIR: In Los Angeles anything can happen and usually does.

One Sunday not long ago I attended a Los Angeles church that easily falls in the category of fashion and wealth. It was no place for a small change or coffee-and-cake economy. At collection time the minister exhorted the congregation to get out their billfolds and checkbooks, as he wanted at least a three- or four-thousand-dollar offering.

The first part of the sermon, fittingly enough, dealt with the Prince of Peace; then the minister spoke at length upon such forces of darkness as paganism and immorality engulfing the world today. In the course of his remarks he mentioned the book all had been waiting for. There was a plentiful supply of copies that could be bought for $1 apiece at one of the three tables set up in the churchyard.

After the close of the service I walked over to one of the tables and watched the money changers at their work. There were stacks of Bibles of all sizes, but no one was buying them. There was also a large supply of a small, paper-covered book that the minister had mentioned and recommended. As a result, there was a lively trade and a brisk exchange of money for merchandise.

Looking closely, I noticed that the author of the dollar volume was Senator Joseph McCarthy, and the substance of his book was a smear of General George C. Marshall.

ERNEST G. BISHOP.

Santa Cruz, Calif.

Ellen Glasgow and the Old South

SIR: I wish to offer an objection to one observation in Professor Francis B. Simkins's review of "Origins of the New South, 1877-1913," by C. Vann Woodward [*SR* Feb. 23]. In the final paragraph of his review there is this statement: "He does not, like Ellen Glasgow and William Faulkner, write a requiem on departed glories."

I submit that the implication of this statement is neither a true nor a fair critical comment concerning Ellen Glasgow and her fiction. If Professor Simkins is using "requiem" with its usually accepted meaning, "a song or chant inviting rest or repose," then he is wrong when he implies that Ellen Glasgow wrote requiems "on departed glories" of the South. She did not. Neither early nor late did she glorify the Southern past, nor did she intone songs for the repose of the spirits of a South supposedly once glorious and no longer so. In her earlier novels she reacted against a tradition of excessively romantic, sentimental Southern fiction that had celebrated a supposedly once glorious ante-bellum past; Miss Glasgow presented frankly, even harshly, the truth about life in Virginia as she believed it had been lived. If Professor Simkins has in mind Miss Glasgow's later and better known novels he is still in error. Miss Glasgow criticized much that is representative of the contemporary South, but neither directly nor by implication did she indulge in a sentimental nostalgia for "departed glories."

Perhaps Professor Simkins has

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taken his cue from the paragraph on page 147 of "The American Mind," where Professor H. S. Commager says that Miss Glasgow became the South's "elegist, her novels exercises not in irony, but in nostalgia." I insist that the novels written by Ellen Glasgow do not sustain such a notion.

I shall not discuss Professor Simkins's comment as it applies to William Faulkner, although I believe that may be a debatable matter also. If I seem guilty of excessive temerity in objecting to the statements of Professors Simkins and Commager, I offer one simple suggestion to possible readers of this letter: read Miss Glasgow's novels and form your own opinions.

I am aware of Professor Simkins's relatively favorable and pertinent treatment of Ellen Glasgow's work in his book, "The South Old and New."

H. Blair Rouse.

Emory University, Ga.

The Superiority of Women

Sir: Ashley Montagu's article "The Natural Superiority of Women" [*SR* Mar. 1] has been discussed in my circle more than any that I have seen in a long time. Whether one agrees or not, he is bound to be stimulated by this treatise. I feel that few people (fewer women than men) will accept Montagu's conclusions but they will be stirred deeply, if they think and feel, as they peruse this incisive piece. I myself have long held that women are still at least one-third slaves to men and to circumstance.

Look at my own field, which is religion. What woman has a chance at proving her worth in church leadership? Even so eminent a female as Maude Royden was denied "orders" in the Church of England—as she would have been denied ordination in the Episcopal, or almost any other communion in America, though women have taken the hurdle in the Methodist, the Baptist, and the Congregational fellowships, as rare exceptions. "Orders are for men only," Miss Royden was informed. And who said so? Why, the men, of course. But Maude Royden did finally achieve ordination in the Congregational church, as a gesture or even a suffrance.

When I was a high-schooler it was unheard of for women to have a place on the school boards. Whose children are these millions in the public schools? Men's only? One would think so, if he looked objectively at a vexed situation. It is just a bit over a hundred years ago that Elizabeth Blackwell tried her best to get an education in medicine in America. She failed to be accepted—and had to go to France for training. By what grace is medicine men's only? The situation is the same in the other professions—and women of spirit and talent have had literally to crash the doors of advanced and technical education.

This is not only unfair, it is also a costly business for humanity, for the race must lose that fine humaneness that Montagu mentions in his timely argument about the gentler sex. Let's not be sentimental about it. Let's be sportsmanlike, decent, practical, modern, progressive, and honest—if not indeed honorable. The suggestion of superiority is possibly too much of a generalization, though Ashley Montagu has made a fine point. The fact is that this is an individual, a personality matter. Some women are superior to some men and some men are superior to some women. If this essential fact were recognized and acted upon, I think the women themselves would be quite satisfied to rest on their several and separate laurels.

[The Rev.] Thomas F. Opie

Great Barrington, Mass.

Sir: Despite the rather shaky evidence of women's physical superiority, I sympathize with Mr. Montagu's aim—to help woman in "the freeing of herself from the myth of inferiority and the realization of her potentialities to the fullest." I expectantly awaited advice as to how women could enter political life in greater numbers so that their love of humanity could influence the United States Congress and perhaps bring a peaceful world closer to reality. Perhaps Mr. Montagu was also going to drop a few helpful hints as to how women in industry and the professions could obtain jobs commensurate with their "superiority" and at wages and salaries equal to men's. But at that point my illusions were shattered. Mr. Montagu proclaimed his daring credo:

> It is time that women realized that men will continue to run the world for some time yet, and that they can best assist them to run it more humanely by teaching them, when young, what humanity means. Men will thus not feel that they are being demoted, but rather that their potentialities for good are so much more increased, and what is more important, instead of feeling hostile towards women they will for the first time learn to appreciate them at their proper worth.

Shades of the nineteenth century! What has Mr. Montagu done but paraphrased the clichés he so disdainfully quoted in the earlier part of his article: "Women's place is in the home," and "Women should not meddle in men's affairs." Your main function, he tells women, is "to teach

Dorothy Thompson: "An Enormous Power"

WOMEN have never even begun to make the contribution to the peace of the world which it is their function and their duty to do. Their emancipation into full citizenship is historically very recent everywhere, and still unfulfilled in many places, and even where they have won equal rights and equal obligations with men, they have nevertheless entered societies whose values and patterns have been largely fixed by men for millennia—the values and patterns of warriors and huntsmen.

Women, as individuals and as half of the human race, still do not trust their own life experience, which is *not* the life experience of men. Nor do they fully realize their function, implicit in nature itself, which is to nurture and protect the race, and assure its continuity and the unbroken continuity of human societies. We live in societies primarily based on force, in which the appeal to force, naked or veiled, permeates all relationships—the relationships, for instance, between social classes; the relationship of justice, between the offender and the state; and the relationships between separate nations and states. No social orders, whether they call themselves Capitalist or Socialist, have eliminated the appeal to force, and even "peace" itself is intimately associated with it. The feminine principle, however, appeals not to force, but to love, not to punishment, but to reconciliation, not to the justice of an "eye for an eye," but to mercy and atonement, not to revolution, but to cultivation and conservation.

The greatest extoller of the feminine principle as the balancer and equalizer of the masculine was Jesus Christ. It was natural and inevitable that women should have been, in his own times and ever since, among his most deeply understanding disciples. For the very essence of his teachings is the supremacy of love over force—not merely as an ethical admonition but as impelling *power*.

The function of women is to oppose every policy that does not recognize the essential oneness of humanity in the cherishing of human life; or that assumes that a peaceful, cooperative, and prosperous society can be founded either on unbridled competition or class hatred; or that peace can be obtained by war or preparation for war; or that a vital, glowing democracy can be established by the mere counting of majorities.

On the positive side the function of women is to extend the family into society, to make of it what the family is—not an "organization" but a living organism.

Thus, what women need most of all, if they are to fulfil their social function, is to know themselves, and what they believe in as the result of their most profound and intimate experiences, as lovers, wives, mothers, and molders and conservers of the family; to *trust* that experience, and use it as a guide to their social and political decisions; and to find indomitable courage to stand up for their men and their children, in behalf of the power of Life and Love against the forces of Hatred and Death.

There is an enormous power in women—if they will fully *be* women, and not half-men. By not being fully women, they deprive human society of balance, equilibrium, and harmony—that is to say, of Peace.

—Dorothy Thompson.

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men to be human"; the greatest good you can do is to bring up good statesmen, good citizens.

Despite such advice, and with the assistance of men with greater vision, women are going ahead, into industry, into higher education, and into politics. At the same time they do not underestimate the importance of their role as wives and mothers. On the contrary, they feel that their broadening experiences will enable them to be better helpmates, better parents. But they realize that they—one half the human race—cannot sit back on the sidelines and leave remolding the world to their fathers, husbands, and sons. For centuries they have tried the "humanizing" approach; today they want to get in there and pitch.

JEANNE S. PEARLSON.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I am a feminist and want women to enjoy all the rights and privileges of modern society. They are still deprived, not by law, but by mores, customs, and male prejudices, of much that their gifts and capacities plainly entitle them to. But they will not fight for their rights. They will not organize effectively to promote their legitimate claims. Most of them prefer marriage to careers. Many of them, instead of educating their men, cheerfully follow them. There is no evidence that women jurors are more merciful than men. Let us be perfectly just to them, but let us not imagine vain things and put them on romantic pedestals.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

SIR: Mr. Montagu states: "Women don't think in terms of 'yes' or 'no'. Life isn't as simple as all that—except to males. Men tend to think in terms of the all-or-none principle, in terms of black and white." Now this is a splendid article—except that the author suffers from this very affliction. Perhaps his wife should have written it.

ORLIN W. RICE.

Port Orchard, Wash.

SIR: . . . It stands to reason that a woman, bearing and raising children, involved with a husband and family, would be closer to the pain and suffering and the joy that is undeniably the stuff of life. She would know more of instinctive need and of personal sacrifice for personal reasons. But isn't it also true that there is nothing more fiercely protective and selfish (about *her* family, *her* possessions) than a mother animal?

Although a woman is certainly concerned with, and sensitive to, life within her small family orbit, I doubt if she often has much interest in the life of the community, except as it applies *directly* to her loved ones. And I don't think there's any reason why she should. This is the man's job, to cope with the outside world, bring in food, integrate the needs of his family with those of others so that the society runs smoothly. He has to look in all directions, but his wife's vision is bound by the four walls of her house. True, there is a great knowledge to be found in this house, a great understanding, but it is a very personal thing.

It seems to me that to be successfully human, to use Mr. Montagu's phrase, means to attain an objectivity that goes beyond the family interest (which interest many animals have)—it means to live in brotherhood and sympathy with others who mean nothing to one personally. I should say that a woman, despite all her deep understanding of her immediate situation, very seldom can enlarge her point of view to encompass the whole.

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Oft times, as we all know, men, when they have been faced with difficult situations before which they have felt inadequate, have found an easy explanation and way out by dividing people into sheep and goats and blaming all the trouble on one, have said if only the others had their way they could set things right. The superiority of women is Dr. Montagu's version of this myth. To be sure, it does not have the dangerous possibilities other forms of this myth can and have had, but the similarities are striking. Change just a few words, and you will have the typical pseudo-scientific thesis of racial superiority.

No one will quarrel with Dr. Montagu's contention that the world urgently needs more people who are loving and cooperative, but the absence of these qualities in individuals and the ways of eliciting them, is vastly more complicated than he seems to think. . . . This seems to me to be another instance of a mood of timidity and fear, of an overwhelming sense of the inadequacy of the human being before the problems of the day, a loss of confidence in man's ability to lead a good life and build a decent world, that has been noticeable among a number of intellectuals. To be sure, Dr. Montagu's disillusion with humanity extends only to the male sex, but his account of female superiority is so fanciful and sentimental that I wonder if he isn't trying to find what he really does not believe is there.

Men and women everywhere need to have their faith renewed in the essential worth and dignity of the human person and in its possibilities for happy and productive living. They need to be helped concretely to ways of finding this, but the person who speaks to them should have something practicable to offer—and he must have real faith in them and in himself.

[THE REV.] ROBERT D. SMITH.

Trenton, N. J.

—*Reprinted from* The Wall Street Journal.

SIR: I can agree with Montagu in so far as most women I have known are basically kinder, more mature, less hypocritical and vain than most men I have known. What surprises and prompts me to write is that an anthropologist, so eloquent against our indefensible generalizations about races, should seem to have jumped into the fire of easy generalizations regarding the sexes.

Granted that the age-old myth of masculine superiority is long past the retirement age, I doubt that the creation of an opposing myth will prove effective or leave us any better off. Perhaps to discontinue the practice of classifying certain traits and values by sex would be a step in a better direction. We could then shift our emphasis to those attributes that make for improved human relations, unimpeded by old associations with "masculinity" or "femininity."

I find it hard to swallow the thesis that a biological function gives a woman a kind of never-to-be-lost head start in the race for virtue. It's on a par with the assumption of natural supremacy by virtue of skin whiteness or a larger brain. Nor can I go along with the sentimental belief that an accessory of woman's biological role is an invariable aptitude for motherhood. It should no more be considered a disgrace that some women are temperamentally unsuited for the role than that some women are physically incapable of it. No more is it a disgrace that some men are lacking in business sense, aggressiveness, or interest in outdoor sports!

As a corollary, I would say that it is very probable that many men would make better post-natal mothers than many women. If our customs permitted such men to assume that role without censure or ridicule in place of the traditional role assigned to men, they might in time display those traits Mr. Montagu so rightly esteems in women. It is more a matter of conditioning and social expectations, I would say, than natural superiority or crippled chromosomes.

F. S. RANDALL.

Palo Alto, Calif.

SIR: Referring to Ashley Montagu's "The Natural Superiority of Women," may I quote a highly relevant paragraph from an address given recently by Dr. Cornelius W. de Kiewiet, president of the University of Rochester, at a session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the University of Pennsylvania:

"There is one major act of emancipation yet to be completed in our society. We have to examine with a fresh and urgent strenuousness whether the secondariness of woman is inexorably dictated by her physiology and the deepest social necessities or whether we must not in our crisis

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untie the bonds which tradition has placed upon her, in order that she may emerge more freely into the world of thought, of decision, and of action. . . The manpower shortage and inflation have joined forces to compel the utilization of the mental and physical resources of the nation's women. The fuller autonomy of woman as a human being, her greater mobility in the world of action, easier and more complete access to the whole range of educational opportunity—these achievements should be wisely and plainfully sought if we are to bear up under our historic load."

CHARLES F. COLE.

Rochester, N. Y.

SIR: It is a new experience to find a man writing about "The Natural Superiority of Women." To be sure, men have talked about the superiority of women in the past in order to keep them on man-made pedestals away from the so-called degrading influence of politics and the market place, but Dr. Montagu takes a new line. He tries fairly to appraise the qualities which make women of real value to society and asks that they be given free rein to express and use these qualities.

I applaud Dr. Montagu for scoring the inferiority myth and the other myths that have grown up around women and for pointing out that these myths must be uprooted before women can exert the influence upon society of which they are capable. I am grateful to him for calling attention to women's competence in social understanding, to their physical and psychical superiority, and to their qualities of humanity so badly needed in the world today. I believe his interesting article will help dispel the inferiority myth.

I cannot feel, however, that the label of superiority is the one for women to travel under. To use it to startle both men and women out of beliefs in myths is helpful, but what both men and women must work for, it seems to me, is the recognition of women not as a class apart but as human beings, free to develop, capable of developing, and able to make a valuable, constructive contribution to solving the world's problems.

ANNA LUTZ.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: I'd like to ask Mr. Montagu how can he account for such women as Ilsa Koch, Eva Peron, Anna— (I can't think of her last name but she is head of the Bulgarian Gestapo), and the many women in history all the way back to Lucrezia Borgia who have outmatched men in their cruelty and hatreds. Is it that this vaulted superiority, when not channeled correctly, can also be a menace?

BEULAH L. BRUCKHEIM.

Binghampton, N. Y.

SIR: Congratulations for publishing Ashley Montagu's article. I am awaiting with fiendish glee the irate letters of vehement protest which we hope you will publish without delay.

MARGUERITE V. CRENSHAW.

Danville, Va.

Doris E. Fleischman: "Facts Instead of Myths"

MARTIN LUTHER said, with authority: "Men have broad and large chests, and small narrow hips, and more understanding than the women, who have but small and narrow breasts, and broad hips, to the end they should remain at home, sit still, keep house, and bear and bring up children." Aristotle believed that male children were formed in the womb by the thirteenth day and females by the forty-fifth. He also believed that women have fewer teeth than men. It may be from these alleged facts that he drew his conclusion that "Woman may be said to be an inferior man." Very much in the same class of thinking is a statement made by Dr. Walter Dearborn, of the Harvard Psycho-Educational Clinic, who said that "girls are natively not quite as intelligent as boys, but that this lack is compensated for during the period of growth by their greater maturity; so they come out in the end about the same as boys in schooling and in intelligence."

Generalizations are disallowed in science—except generalizations about woman, that is—and most persistent of all generalizations are the myths perpetuated by the type of psuedo-gallantry that coaxes woman back to the three K's—*Kinder, Kirche, and Küche*. Mr. Montagu sets out to prove woman's natural superiority by an examination of the chromosomes. His discussion of chromosomes is poetic, and I might say, anthropomorphic. He has a tear for the Y-chromosome that makes the male: "Well, the sad fact is that the Y-chromosome is but an iota, the merest bit, of a remnant of an X-chromosome; it is a crippled X-chromosome. The X-chromosomes are fully developed structures; the Y-chromosome is the merest comma." While he wipes his reddened eyes, he smiles secure in the knowledge that no one, least of all a woman or a man, will believe what he seems to imply that men are thus the merest crippled commas remaining from the cellular heap that created woman.

Woman is superior, he believes, because she has a slight survival edge over males. He cites gallantly the fact that the male chromosome is responsible for certain exclusively male disorders, such as bark-like skin, dense hairy growth on the ears, non-painful hard lesions of the hands and feet, and a form of webbing at the toes, besides hemophilia and color-blindness. I find no mention of barber's itch. Nor do I find any mention of certain prevalent female disorders as a proof of male superiority. Nor do I see a mention of such oddities as the fact that the male right lung is said to be heavier than a woman's but that the stomach in females is reported as proportionately larger, as Amram Scheinfeld has pointed out in his exhaustive study of the two sexes. I personally cannot draw any conclusions from such data.

What we need is a little application of the scientific attitude towards the difference between men and woman. As Virginia Woolf has said: "There is no mark on the wall to measure the precise height of women."

I cannot agree with Mr. Scheinfeld when he says that "No intelligence tests exist, or ever will be devised, which can accurately measure the relative mental capacities of men and women." They do not exist, it is true, but I should like to see statements based on real research that would put an end to such statements as those of Lynn White, Jr., the prominent educator: "Women tend to be suspicious of generalizations . . . it is men who tend to build air-castles: women are closer to the actualities of life" and ". . . girls tend to have a decided advantage over boys in handling words, whereas boys generally do better than girls in handling numbers . . . The tendency towards verbal skills in women, and towards numerical aptitudes in men, would therefore seem in some measure to be innate."

We need to know actually: Are women more maternal than men are parental? Are women kinder? Crueler? What is innate and what is conditioned by social values? When Professor Montagu compares women of the last century with the "nigger" I feel that even quotation marks around the word are no excuse for a lapse in good taste. Often sex gallantry is tied to race neurosis.

In an age of science it is surprising that so little scientific exploration has been made in the differences between man and woman. I am most decidedly not talking about *la petite différence*. In other fields of inquiry our Government and private interests are spending millions of dollars to investigate the physical sciences, social sciences, medical sciences. Yet lack of scientific knowledge in the field which Professor Montagu seems to know so well confuses the basic patterns of our society. Our culture patterns are confused as regards women's participation. Industry, commerce, the professions, and other vocations need facts instead of myths in order to make the best utilization of woman power.

In the last few decades scientific study has shaped various patterns in our society. The Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, the Hospital Survey of New York, Rockefeller and Carnegie studies of libraries, education, and public health have changed the attitudes and direction of many of our social activities. How can we have a knowledge or well-adjusted world when 100 per cent of our population is confused about the qualities and characteristics of 50 per cent of the population?

Let us forget about the noble and unselfish X-chromosome and concentrate on learning some honest facts.

—DORIS E. FLEISCHMAN.

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U.S.A. *With the face of domestic politics changing daily—sometimes even in the few hours from the release of a Presidential speech to the press and its delivery—it might seem unreasonable to expect the relatively slow-moving book industry to keep its readers* au courant. *Not so! As those who read Jonathan Daniels's review of "Mr President"* (SR *March* 22) *will recall, that bright picture book contained hints of Mr. Truman's subsequent announcement. This week sees the publication of a book that will illuminate the developments of the next seven months, no matter who wins next week's primaries or next July's conventions. Samuel Lubell's "The Future of American Politics," reviewed below, is the work of an able reporter-scholar, a volume of lasting importance. . . . Readers who share Lucius Beebe's ennui with crises political and military will also share his enthusiasm for a delightful hook-and-ladder ride into New York City's past, K. H. Dunshee's "As You Pass By"* (*page* 33).

Roosevelt's Changelings

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By Samuel Lubell. New York: Harper & Bros. 285 pp. $3.50.

By V. O. KEY, JR.

MR. LUBELL has produced by a wide margin the most perceptive general analysis of American politics of the Roosevelt Revolution and the Fair Deal. He sets out in quest of a solution to the puzzle why, despite the precedent-shattering nature of many of the major actions of the Truman Administration, things remain substantially unchanged and unsettled. One step must inevitably sooner or later be canceled out by another in the opposite direction. Why must the President's feverish efforts and not inconsiderable courage be devoted so assiduously to staying in the same spot?

The answer lies in the fact that the forces that made the country Democratic reared up a majority whose inner contradictions nourish stalemate and indecision. If it had not been Mr. Truman who became the spokesman for a deadlock it would have had to have been another of the same strengths and weaknesses. It is to the detailed analysis of the component elements of the new Democracy, mighty in number but uncertain in sense of direction, that the major part of the book is devoted.

That the people of the great cities were numerous among the Roosevelt recruits to the Party is no news. Lubell pictures the drive to escape from the tenements to "nicer" neighborhoods. As each tenement contingent has taken a step toward the "urban frontier" it has been replaced by another. At the moment that the great urban minorities were yearning for political recognition the Depression burned into them Democratic loyalties. As the waves of metropolitan migration moved out toward the urban frontier they became middle-class in outlook. Their partisan loyalties remained Democratic but they became conservative. The radicals who had "arrived" became exponents of the established order.

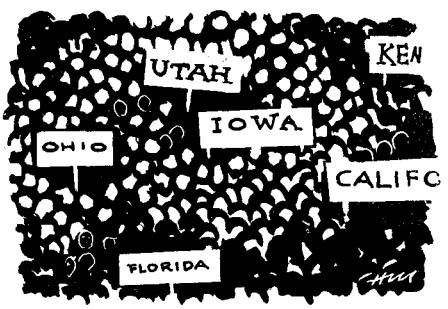
In the labor component of the new Democratic coalition a fundamentally similar course has been run. The dynamism of a movement of the lean and hungry has been replaced in large measure by a conservative anxiety that past gains must be retained. Among the farmers Mr. Lubell found after November 1948 a new conservatism. One of his informants put it this way: "We have a strong agricultural policy and have done very well under it. Why change when the Republicans were so speculative?" The new Democrats tend to regard the Republicans as challengers of the status quo, as threats to the established order.

The place of the Negro in the new Democratic amalgam comes in for extended attention. The great northward migration of the Negro placed him on the bottom rung of the metropolitan ladder, yet he is driven by an urge to move toward the "urban frontier." As he approaches middle-class status he seeks acceptance in the political order. In predicting the outcome of this drive for integration Mr. Lubell is wisely wary. He points to the strong Democratic loyalties of the Northern Negro and to the consequences for the Republican Party as well as for the Democratic Party in the South. The South he finds to be under an inner strain, born in part of the rising middle-class with Republican attitudes and of the reaction against racial policies of the national Democratic leadership. So long as the racial question overshadows others the South will yield all for autonomy on that question. As a new middle-class and new national policies combine to give one sector of the South great concern about national issues, a drive toward integration or participation in national politics occurs.

Mr. Lubell gives special attention to the relation of foreign policy issues to the shifting loyalties of voters. He attributes Midwestern defections from the Democratic ticket between 1936 and 1940 to German-American resentment of Roosevelt's policy. Truman regained this support in 1948 when questions of domestic policy again became dominant. An acute sensitivity to the relation of national origins and political behavior manifests itself throughout the book.

The net effect of the composition of the new Democratic coalition is that its leaders can serve one block of Democrats only at the expense of another block of Democrats. The inner contradictions of the Democratic Party create a majority unable to act decisively. Mr Lubell sees no quick formation of a homogeneous majority capable of decision. No presently conceivable Republican coalition would be less torn by inner strife. A "politics of twilight" for perhaps a decade is the tentative prognosis.

Such, at least roughly, are some of the major propositions, but this outline conveys no impression of the thoroughness of the inquiry that underpins Mr. Lubell's study. His travels led him to the slums, to the wheat fields, to Cleveland's labor wards, to the growing "best" neighborhoods of Southern cities. In his work Mr. Lubell represents something of a combination of the contemplative scholar of breadth and perspective and the skilled research technician. The merger of these skills results in a book that will not be soon surpassed in its field.



V. O. Key, Jr., professor of government at Harvard University, is the author of "Southern Politics" and "Politics, Parties, and Pressure Groups."

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Success of a Blacklist

THE JUDGES AND THE JUDGED. By Merle Miller. New York: Doubleday & Co. 220 pp. $2.50.

By FRANCIS BIDDLE

THIS volume, sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union, is an objective and factual investigation of "Red Channels, the Report of Communist Influences in Radio and Television," and its effect on these industries. It is not surprising, as Robert E. Sherwood suggests in his preface, that defamation, recently so successfully exploited on the political level, should under a similar protection against libel suits be profitably conducted as a commercial enterprise.

On June 22, 1950, this now famous index appeared, listing 151 writers, actors, singers, dancers, producers, and network executives, and their "associations" with "front" organizations. It was issued by American Business Consultants, an organization which, aiming "to expose the Communist menace," published a weekly news letter entitled *Counterattack,* and investigated cases for clients on a professional basis. The sources of information on which "Red Channels" was based were public records, and therefore privileged: records of the House Un-American Activities Committee, of the notorious Tenney Committee of California, the Attorney General's list. *The Daily Worker* was relied on as an authority to show that a listed individual had signed a petition, supported a candidate for office, or written a book or broadcast a program praised by the Communist Party.

The men who compiled "Red Channels" claim that the list was factual, unemotional, and objective. They make no judgments. They don't distinguish between those who are Communists and those who are not. They don't even vouch for the facts, merely assemble and list them for the convenience of the industry. "We've never said the 'facts' in 'Red Channels' were correct or incorrect. We've just reported from the public records." And they don't consult with the persons involved before publication. Not for them to condemn or to condone. It is for the public to judge—and to act, after reading the blacklist.

When "Red Channels" appeared a small section of the public acted promptly. Jean Muir, who was then appearing on the NBC network in "The Aldrich Family," was one of those listed. She was paid in full and permanently dropped from the program. The sponsor, General Foods, defended this action on the ground that "the use of controversial personalities or the discussion of controversial subjects may provide unfavorable criticism and even antagonism among sizable groups of customers," and is therefore to be avoided. Miss Muir denied membership in half the groups to which she was alleged to have belonged. From one she had resigned when she learned it was pro-Communist.

But, as the executive of a leading entertainment union said, there will never be another Muir case. If you are on the list you're just not hired. The careers of many talented artists have been wrecked, and more will be wrecked—quietly. " 'Red Channels,' " says Mr. Miller, "has created throughout the industry a suspicion and distrust and despair and hysteria which the Communists themselves could not hope to create." It has turned up no new evidence, has proved nothing. It is not even concerned with whether its victims are interested in "The Cause" or merely innocent dupes. Nor is there any objection to their work or to their programs. The readers of *Counterattack* are advised, in writing or telephoning the program sponsors, not to let them "pass the buck back . . . by demanding proof of Communist fronting. You don't have to prove anything. . . . You simply don't like so-and-so on their programs."

The sponsors, the advertisers, determine the type of entertainment or instruction that shall be permitted to the public by considering the political ideologies of the writers and artists irrespective of their programs, based solely on the appearance of their names on a blacklist. They are condemned and excluded from work, sometimes permanently, on the objection of a handful of complainants without any hearing, without even knowing what was charged against them. They have become untouchables. They must not be permitted to earn their bread.

The "appalling moral cowardice" of the radio and associated industries—to use the phrase of John Crosby of the *New York Herald Tribune*—reflects the indifference of the public. This is but part of the larger pattern: schools of the District of Columbia ruled that Marquis Childs and Pearl S. Buck cannot speak at district schools because their names appear in the files of the House Un-American Activities Committee; the Jersey City Board of Education orders the removal of four books of creative and critical writing of Mark Van Doren from the Jersey City Junior College (they were later replaced); books considered "Socialistic" are removed from the high school library of Sapulpa, Okla., and publicly burned; McKeesport, Pa., orders Communists to register with the police—"we are going to treat Communists in McKeesport just as Americans would be treated in Moscow"; Dorothy Bailey is dismissed, to use Judge Edgerton's words, on "the unsworn reports in the secret files to the effect that unsworn statements of a general sort, purporting to connect [her] with Communism, had been made by unnamed persons." So it continues.

Until public opinion is shocked into revolting against this dark surrender of our freedoms to the exhortation of fear we shall, I am afraid, continue to drift towards acceptance of the new controls. I can see but little evidence of such a reaction.

—*By Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Let Us Help You Fight the Devil!"

Francis Biddle, former Attorney General of the United States, is the author of "The World's Best Hope," and other books.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 941)

*ALEX OSBORN:
WAKE UP YOUR MIND

Readership surveys of newspapers show . . . only six per cent of their readers ever glance at the crossword feature; whereas ninety per cent scan the picture page. Most women look at obituaries. . . . Comics get a big play from both sexes. . . .

* Long a D.-C.er!

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The Grown-up Boss

AMERICAN CAPITALISM: The Concept of Countervailing Power. By John Kenneth Galbraith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 217 pp. $3.

By C. E. Ayres

THE hasty browser could easily form the impression that Professor Galbraith's new book is just another paean in praise of Things as They Are. One could scarcely dip into the book at any point without seeing that its author is *for* capitalism; and, as the title itself suggests, he even regards Big Business with equanimity, apparently going along with the National Association of Manufacturers in its comfortable belief that even where an industry is wholly divided between two giant firms, there is competition in the midst of them.

It is to be hoped that many who cherish sentiments such as these will buy "American Capitalism" and read it. They will be in for a surprise, and they will also be in for an education. I don't mean to suggest that either will be unpleasant. Professor Galbraith writes with unruffled good humor, and with just the kind of clarity and charm which one would expect of a former editor of *Fortune*. No one could possibly accuse J. K. Galbraith of being a carrier of "creeping Socialism." But it is equally evident that he is far too intelligent to be a mere defender of any faith.

As a matter of fact I can't think of anyone who has been more candid in his recognition of the essentially theological character of the classical doctrine of competition. In continuing to cling to the notion of American capitalism as a self-regulating competitive system, we are, as he says, risking "the insecurity of illusion." The truth is that our economy has long since outgrown the competitive "model" of the classical economists and has become a system of power in which "the ducal honors belong to the heads of General Motors, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Du Pont, and the United States Steel Corporation," while "the earls, baronets, knights, and squires fall in behind in reasonably strict accordance with the assets of their respective firms."

But this does not mean that we are headed for the Dark Ages. After all, the scale of business organization only matches the scale of industrial technology. It is the "unseemly opulence," as Professor Galbraith calls it, of our industrial system that has enabled us to afford the social gains of American democracy, as it has also cushioned the shocks of our economic and political mistakes. All this spells large-scale operations—today even in the field of industrial research, not to mention the utilization of the results of that research.

Moreover, and this is Professor Galbraith's central point, the powers of our industrial duchies do in a very real sense balance each other. That balance is both more genuine and more significant than the abstractions of price equilibrium would suggest. Overweening power calls countervailing power into existence. "In the ultimate sense it was the power of the steel industry, not the organizing abilities of John L. Lewis and Philip Murray, that brought the United Steel Workers into being."

—*Fabian Bachrach.*

John K. Galbraith—"unseemly opulence."

Thus the role of Government is to preside over a community of countervailing powers. Furthermore, the decisive consideration is not brute force, financial or political. In the end it is "administrative feasibility" that defines the boundaries of business principalities as it also sets the limits of Governmental jurisdiction. There are some decisions which cannot feasibly be decentralized. This is true of control of inflation. It is only by recognizing this fact, Professor Galbraith holds, that we can take advantage of the superior administrative feasibility of the decentralized industrial system we call capitalism.

C. E. Ayres, professor of economics at the University of Texas, is the author of "The Divine Right of Capital," "The Theory of Economic Progress," and other books.

The Flappers' Fires

AS YOU PASS BY. By Kenneth Holcomb Dunshee. New York: Hastings House. 260 pp. $10.

By Lucius Beebe

IT IS the habit of the moment, in certain rarified circles of powerful thinkers, to condemn as escapist all literature not concerned with the dreary and recurrent political, social, and economic crises which a world that is heartily bored with them seems somehow to survive from day to day. In the books of these stern intellectuals Ken Dunshee's altogether enchanting excursion into New York's fragrant yesterdays of gaslamps and Bowery Boys, and, most of all, the city's volunteer fire companies must be the very quintessence of escapism, for here is the record of a wholly satisfactory way of life uninhibited by atomic consciousness or the shrill and cheerless philosophies current in a nervous world. It is a picture of a city by no means tranquil, since the vehicle on which Mr. Dunshee's panorama is mounted is the hand-drawn fire engine, but a community, nevertheless, devoid of the wholesale frustrations of modernity and the discomforts and inconveniences of progress. By comparison with its parallel decade in the nineteenth century and those which both anticipated and followed it New York in the 1950's is a very dull metropolis indeed.

Mr. Dunshee, who edits *News from Home*, the house organ of the far-flung Home Insurance Company, is probably the ranking living expert on the history of fires and fire-fighting in New York, and it obviously came to his mind that, until the organization of the paid department in the middle Sixties, the volunteer companies of earlier times provided an admirable fabric about which might be constructed an iconography of their age.

Just as the conflagrations themselves of that more robust and combustible era were of greater importance in the affairs of the city, sometimes indeed almost terminating its commerce altogether, so the fire companies occupied a greater part of the general awareness. There were firemen's clubs and firemen's taverns, firemen's balls, firemen's politics, and

Lucius Beebe, now a resident of Virginia City, Nevada, was for more than twenty years a member of the editorial staff of the New York Herald Tribune, *where his syndicated column, "This New York," was long a feature.*

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even firemen's newspapers and other periodicals. Membership in a socially acceptable group of volunteer firemen was a social distinction comparable to later membership in one of the exalted circles of New York's cafe and professional society. The suffrage of the fire companies was a ponderable political asset as was evidenced by Boss Tweed's constant awareness of their uses.

Mr. Dunshee's chronicle concerns itself not only with the folklore of firefighting, its personalities such as Mose the Fire B'hoy, and Zophar Mills the archetypal fireman and New York's hero of the hose carts comparable to San Francisco's redoubtable David Scannell, but with all the city's landmarks and notables that were coeval with their flowering. It guides our own generation to such landmarks of the city as the Tea Water Pump, Peter Stuyvesant's pear tree, the Chatham Square horse fair, the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, and the Oswego Market in Maiden Lane, where Catherine Haven's father had the first water ever piped into a residence in the city.

"As You Pass By" is a rich and rewarding book which cannot fail to delight lovers of New York's vanished glories, a contingent that increases as the metropolis itself becomes less and less amiable.

There are but few faults to find with Dunshee's book. One of them is the dust jacket, a diffused and unsatisfactory clue to the inner contents. The gratifying pattern and nicety of detail in makeup and layout are an admirable complement to its editorial economy. There is none of the untidy extravagance of white paper which grieves the judicious in so many of the current crop of picture histories. Wherever, too, there is a pictorial recreation of a street scene in the old city a map or ground plan on the opposite page identifies the details of the drawing and the scope of the view is indicated by diverging lines which have their origin at the spot where the artist set up his retrospective easel, an imaginative touch which indicates the care with which this volume was designed.

Science. *Since the day of Benjamin Franklin, when all nature was every scientist's province, the pendulum has twice changed its course. By the early 1900's scientists were marking out ever smaller areas of nature as their own and applying themselves to the cultivation of one to the exclusion of all else. Now, at mid-century, the pendulum is well in the opposite direction, as two recent books demonstrate. Harold C. Urey, one of the nation's leading chemists, has made a major contribution to astronomy through "The Planets: Their Origin and Development" (below). V. Gordon Childe, an archeologist, uses the methods and material of his own field to illuminate anthropology and sociology in "Social Evolution" (page 35). This spring, incidentally, is notable for its new books on astronomy. Besides the Urey work there are Helen Wright's "Palomar: World's Largest Telescope" (page 52) and H. A. Rey's "The Stars" and George Gamow's "Creation of the Universe," to be reviewed soon.*

A Slow Solar Burn?

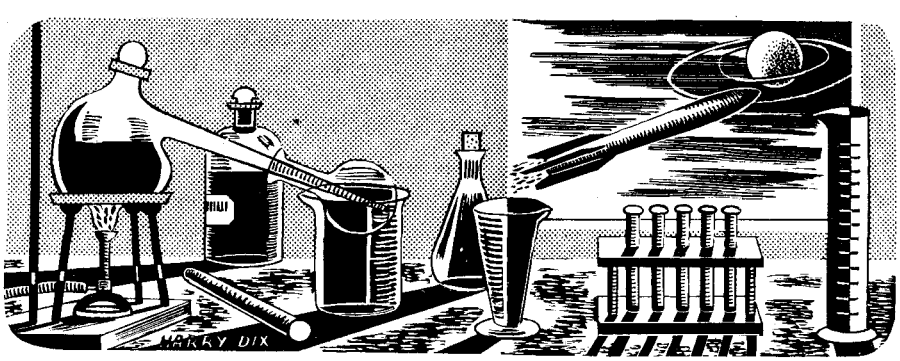
THE PLANETS: Their Origin and Development. By Harold C. Urey. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 245 pp. $5.

By Peter van de Kamp

THE last few decades have witnessed a revival of interest in the solar system—its origin and development. It is gratifying and significant that this problem so fascinated a distinguished chemist that he felt impelled to add a contribution to those scientific studies made—as a matter of course—by astronomers. In many astronomical problems, such as the high-temperature atmospheres and interiors of stars, chemical properties are unimportant. However, these properties are very important if one wishes to understand the origin of Earth, Moon, and the terrestrial planets, which presumably occurred at temperatures associated with chemical reactions. We can observe the chemical after-effects of the creation of the solar system; with the aid of the facts and theories of all the physical sciences we may inquire into the origin of the planets.

Urey's studies are primarily concerned with the terrestrial planets—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Earth, and Moon. Their chemical and physical properties yield more information about their origin than is the case for the major or giant planets: Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. After a brief survey of existing theories about the solar system the author presents a physical and chemical study of the Moon and the terrestrial planets. A chapter is devoted to the heat balance of the Earth and another to the chemical composition of the solar system. Current theories about the formation of Sun, stars, and planets from dust and gas clouds have influenced Urey's researches. Starting with an interstellar cloud of gas and dust the Sun, like other stars, was formed at a temperature well below the freezing point of water. In time the interior of the Sun became very hot, and energy production by nuclear reactions commenced. A flattened disk of gas and dust was formed surrounding the sun; this disk broke up; the greater the distance from the sun, the greater the pieces—commonly called planetesimals. The terrestrial planets, as well as the Moon, were formed from an accumulation of small and large planetesimals. In order that the planetesimals might be formed Urey introduces coagulating materials, such as water or snow. The surface features of the Moon were formed comparatively recently through the impact of planetesimals of varying sizes up to 100 kilometers.

The book contains a wealth of in-



Peter van de Kamp is director of the Sproul Observatory, Swarthmore College.

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formation and abounds in recent references. It is a sequence of research papers and makes rather difficult reading. It is an advanced research investigation, tentative and modest, a responsible treatise on an exceedingly difficult topic. We can conclude no better than to quote from Mr. Urey's last chapter: "There is a tendency on the part of all investigators to search for a simple explanation of observed facts and to accept such simple explanations rather than more involved ones. This attitude is correct, of course, when applied to statements of fundamental laws, as experience shows. However, phenomena observed in nature which are the result of the operation of these laws are always very complicated, so much so that the details escape the capacity of the human mind. We will never be able to reconstruct the complete course of events which led to the solar system. In this sense this treatise as well as all others is surely incomplete and at most only partly true. And this is a field where judgments in regard to the true and false may require long periods of time. However, the serious student of this subject receives a great reward, for as he must abandon his imperfect hypotheses for others more in accord with the observational data he finds that the new approximation to the ultimate solution is more satisfying than the old."

The Theatre of Cultures

SOCIAL EVOLUTION. By V. Gordon Childe. New York: Henry Schuman. 184 pp. $3.

By Ashley Montagu

ANYTHING that Professor Childe writes is bound to be interesting, for he is the most widely informed and the ablest of archeologists. In the present volume Professor Childe sets out to examine the theory of social evolution deduced by Herbert Spencer and Lewis H. Morgan from the comparative study of existing societies. This he does in the light of the findings of archeology, the science which presents societies (no longer existing or not existing in the same form) in a chronologic sequence.

Professor Childe begins by correcting the misapprehension that "evolution" in the phrase "social evolution" is a kind of generalized magic force which does the work of the concrete-individual factors that shape the course of history. Evolution, he points out, does not purport to describe the mechanism of cultural change, nor does it attempt to show why cultures change—that is the subject of history—but the function of social evolutionary theory is to show *how* cultures change. Culture is no mere mechanical assemblage of traits, it is a living functional way of life which represents the long development of man's attempts to satisfy human needs. But human needs are not fixed quantities; they have changed in the many millennia of man's existence, they have evolved and, indeed, we may regard man's cultures as, at any moment of time, the stage of evolution of the modes of satisfying human needs. As Professor Childe puts it, "A culture is a durable material expression of an adaptation to an environment, human as well as physiographical, that enabled a society to survive and develop. From this point of view the buildings, tools, weapons, ornaments, and other surviving constituents are interrelated as elements in a functioning whole."

Since archeology reveals the chronological order in which cultures have appeared, Professor Childe asks the question whether it is possible from the comparative study of such cultures to deduce certain generalized stages in cultural evolution. Professor Childe's book represents an attempt to answer this question.

Both the student and the general reader will find what Professor Childe has to say informative, illuminating, and stimulating. He will find an excellent critical account of the archeologist's classification of societies, with the emphasis on relative rather than on absolute chronology, on "stages" of industrial development rather than on the erroneous conception of "ages." There is, in fact, no such thing as *the* Stone Age. There was *a* Stone Age in England, in Palestine, and in New Zealand, but chronologically, as periods of absolute time, they are all different. With admirable clarity the author discusses the concept of culture as used by the archeologist and anthropologist. Here perhaps the author places too great emphasis on culture as an abstraction. It is true that when we speak of a culture we necessarily have a mental construct in mind; we cannot possibly conceive of a culture in its entirety, and our grasp of it must largely be subjective. In these senses our conception of a culture is necessarily an abstraction, but that is due to our inability to incorporate reality in any other way, and clearly

(*Continued on page 52*)

"No, no, Rameses! How many times do I have to tell you—horse before cow except after sow!"

Ashley Montagu is chairman of the department of anthropology at Rutgers University. His books include "Introduction to Physical Anthropology" and "Man's Most Dangerous Myth: The Fallacy of Race."

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Passover. *On the tenth day of this month, as Christians prepare to celebrate the feast of Easter, members of the Jewish faith begin the seven-day festival of Passover. Although there is some doubt as to the original significance of Passover, present-day Jews dedicate it to the commemoration of the deliverance of their forefathers from bondage in Egypt.* The Saturday Review *marked the start of Lent with a large section devoted to books about Christianity, Protestant and Roman Catholic* (SR *April* 1)*; this week, in connection with Passover, it publishes on this page and the next reviews of a number of recent books of Jewish interest. From the many volumes issued during the past year, Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn of Brandeis University has selected twenty-five which he considers especially deserving of the attention of American readers. Most of these have already been reviewed in* SR.

The Conflict of God and Zion

A PARTISAN HISTORY OF JUDAISM. By Elmer Berger. New York: Devin-Adair Co. 140 pp. $3.

By Milton R. Konvitz

THERE are, according to Rabbi Berger, executive director of the American Council for Judaism, two conflicting traditions in Judaism: nationalism and universalism. From earliest times these two forces, irreconcilable in essence, have been pitted against each other in a struggle for existence—a struggle which has taken different forms at different times: priest and king against prophet, synagogue against Temple, law against grace, orthodoxy against reform, state against *diaspora*, Zionism against assimilation. In this conflict the author identifies universalism with the tradition of prophecy and reform, and his book is offered as a history of this tradition. Because the book is admittedly a one-sided account, it is presented as a "partisan" history of the subject.

The book is partisan in another way as well: Rabbi Berger is a propagandist against Jewish nationalism or peoplehood, against orthodoxy, ceremonialism, and ritualism, against any concept of Jewish culture, and against any and every form of Zionism. Admitting that Jews constituted at one time a people in their own land, and that they lived an isolated, segregated life for about fifteen centuries, Rabbi Berger argues that their national and segregated life was a misfortune, for it did violence to the prophetic strain in Judaism, a universalism committed to a denial of every form of separatism. Judaism is ethical monotheism; Judaism, Rabbi Berger says, "is to do justice and to have mercy and to walk humbly with God; and all the rest is commentary and of secondary importance."

But Rabbi Berger disregards the fact that what is of secondary importance is nevertheless important. A man may say that nothing is foreign to him, that above all nations is humanity, that all the rest is of secondary importance; but if in fact he goes on to disregard "all the rest"—family, city, state, and nation—as if they were radically evil, then one could well challenge his nihilistic humanism, his universalism in which love of those far away is a substitute for and an escape from love of those who are nearby.

The genius of Judaism, as it has been recognized by Christian as well as by Jewish theologians—*e.g.*, Eichrodt, Minear, Herford, George Foot Moore, Reinhold Niebuhr, William Irwin, Rowley, H. Wheeler Robinson—lies precisely in the fact that it does not offer a choice between particularism and universalism but that it places emphasis on both: Jewish particularism for the sake of a universal religion. If the Jews appear at the beginning of their history as a single entity, their view of the future always projected a single humanity joined to God in a covenant even as Noah, father of Jews and non-Jews, was joined to God in a covenant. This form of universalism avoids the danger of what Walter Eichrodt has called "perverted cosmopolitanism," in which the individual is isolated from community and freed from responsibility to his nation; and at the same time it avoids the danger of an exaggerated nationalism or exclusiveness, in which the national life is no longer subject to religious judgment and universal objectives.

A "partisan" history of Judaism, whether written by an anti-Zionist or a Zionist, may be a debater's brief, but it cannot be read as history.

—By Resko for "A Treasury of Jewish Holidays."

Milton R. Konvitz is a professor at Cornell University and a co-editor of Judaism, *a new quarterly review.*

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History of Zionist Movement

FULFILLMENT: The Epic Story of Zionism. By Rufus Learsi. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 426 pp. $5.

By Salo W. Baron

THERE has long been a need for a comprehensive history of the Zionist movement in English, and this volume is apt to fill it. Mr. Learsi, a veteran of Jewish journalism and communal affairs, presents here a dramatic picture of the evolution of Zionism since the first Basle Congress of 1897. He knows, of course, that only a few highlights could be covered in a single volume. "With the compass allotted for this work," he expostulates, "only the more significant events could be included, and the author can only crave forgiveness from the actors —living and dead—whose names have been omitted or whose roles have perhaps been understated. With reference to many of the controversies to which Zionism gave rise, the author will no doubt be found to be a partisan, but not, he trusts, a blind partisan."

Mr. Learsi has indeed attempted to be fair to all parties within Zionism, although he shows little patience with anti-Zionists and even such Zionist deviationists as Israel Zangwill's "Territorialists." The latter split off the main movement in 1905 over the British Government's offer of the African colony of Uganda to the Zionist Organization, which marked the first public recognition of Zionism's international status. The majority, nevertheless, rejected the offer because it considered Palestine alone as suitable for large-scale Jewish colonization. Mr. Learsi dismisses the ensuing splinter organization (the JTO) and its otherwise influential leader in two brief paragraphs, as he also disposes of Simon Dubnow's "autonomism" in a few lines. While admittedly these forces played a minor role within the Zionist Organization, they greatly influenced, and were mutually influenced, by the Zionist movement.

Perhaps it is ungracious to expect an avowed work of popularization to be also a contribution to knowledge. Good works of that kind, however, usually are. For example, Adolf Boehm's "Die Zionistische Bewegung" (Berlin, 1935-1937), although written by an industrialist rather than an historian, offered a significant survey of the movement up to 1925. In many respects it has not been superseded by the subsequent literature, including the volume under review. The well-informed reader will find in Mr. Learsi's treatment little new material, even with respect to the American scene which has hitherto been greatly neglected by Zionist scholarship. The uninformed but serious student, too, will note the absence of penetrating explanations of the causes underlying major events and of the motivating forces behind personalities. Neither will he find the bibliographical aids entirely satisfactory. The so-called "classics" of Zionism are listed only to the death of Herzl half a century ago. Among the "official" documents one misses, for example, the very important report of the Peel Commission in 1937, which included the first official suggestion for the partition of Palestine and the establishment of a Jewish state.

On the other hand, Mr. Learsi writes with verve and lucidity. His volume should effectively supply to a host of "general readers" a glimpse of that vast and complex movement which has been a stormy petrel of controversy for two generations. Many will also be stirred by the book's emotional appeal as exemplified by the author's concluding credo, "For in a wider and truer sense Zionism is the sum total of the thoughts, emotions, and deeds to which the Jewish people the world over have been stirred by the land called Holy, the cradle and center of their national and spiritual life. And in that sense it may be safely affirmed that, whatever its forms and instruments, Zionism will not die but live."

Salo W. Baron is professor of Jewish history, literature, and institutions at Columbia University. A new edition of his "A Social and Religious History of the Jews" has been published.

Passover Book Notes

THE WISDOM OF THE TALMUD. By Ben Zion Bokser. Philosophical Library. $3.75. Next to the Old Testament, the Talmud has been the work of literature which has influenced most greatly Jewish religious, traditional, and cultural life. It is an enormous work (the Palestinian Talmud contains thirty-nine tractates and the Babylonian Talmud thirty-six and one-half tractates) and embodies ten centuries of Jewish thinking. As a necessary supplement to the Bible it is, in the words of Rabbi Bokser, a work of "authoritative exposition and implementation." Because of the

(Continued on page 50)

Passover Reading

DR. Ludwig Lewisohn, leading novelist, critic, and Jewish scholar, now professor at Brandeis University, recommends the following books of Jewish interest for holy day reading.

JUDAISM AND MODERN MAN. By Will Herberg. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $4.

TWO TYPES OF FAITH. By Martin Buber. New York: Macmillan Co. $2.50.

MAN IS NOT ALONE. By Abram J. Heschel. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75.

THE SABBATH. By Abram J. Heschel. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $2.50.

THE WISDOM OF THE TALMUD. By Ben Zion Bokser. New York: Philosophical Library. $3.75.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND RELIGION. By Erich Fromm. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.75.

THE LORE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Joseph Gaer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50.

A BELIEVING JEW. By Milton Steinberg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50.

FALASHA ANTHOLOGY. By Wolf Leslau. New Haven: Yale University Press. $4.

THE JEWS IN THE SOVIET UNION. By Solomon M. Schwarz. Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press. $5.

ETERNAL STRANGER. By Lawrence Resner. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.

UNDERGROUND: THE STORY OF A PEOPLE. By Joseph Tenenbaum. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.

FULFILLMENT: THE EPIC STORY OF ZIONISM. By Rufus Learsi. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $5.

WATCH FOR THE MORNING. By Thomas Sugrue. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.

MY MISSION TO ISRAEL. By James G. MacDonald. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

THE REVOLT. STORY OF THE IRGUN. By Menachim Begin. New York: Henry Schuman. $4.

ISRAEL: THE BEGINNING AND TOMORROW. By Hal Lehrman. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3.75.

AMERICAN JEWRY AND THE CIVIL WAR. By Bertram W. Korn. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.

THIS LAND, THESE PEOPLE. Edited by Nathan Ausubel. New York: Doubleday & Co. $5.

THE SECOND SCROLL. By Abram M. Klein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

POOR COUSIN EVELYN. By James Yaffe. Boston: Little Brown & Co. $3.

QUIET SPIRIT. By Zelda Popkin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50.

THE CHAIN AND THE LINK. By David Miller. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $3.50.

THE ISLAND IN TIME. By Ernst Pawel. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.

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Broadway Postscript

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD'S SNAPSHOTS

WHEN "I Am a Camera" opened last November almost everyone admitted it to be fascinating adult entertainment. However, there were those who claimed that the play had practically no plot and showed insufficient awareness of the Nazi menace that raged in 1930 Berlin, the period in which the play was set. Now that it has survived these charges and appears on its way to a run many a perfectly made play would envy, Christopher Isherwood, author of the "Berlin Stories" from which John Van Druten fashioned the stage piece, has this comment.

"I think the reason some people say we have no plot," says the forty-seven-year-old novelist, "is that they are used to a false convention in the theatre which assumes that characters must act out of *conscious* will. While I don't want to compare Johnny's play with Chekhov [Mr. Van Druten has said he would rather have written "The Three Sisters" than any play he ever wrote], I might point out *he* was very successful in tying things up without subscribing to a theory of conscious will."

Mr. Isherwood, whose short animated figure and shaggy head give him the look of an eternal schoolboy, is a novelist who, like Chris in the play, delights in observing the unconscious workings of people as they manifest themselves in minor details. "Actually," he notes, "I think the play has two very definite plots. First, there is the young writer with a neutral unjudging attitude about the facts of his environment. Into his secluded life explodes Sally Bowles, who brings with her a number of cross-involvements that force the writer to evolve as a person. In the book other characters besides Sally helped in this, but in the play we focus on her.

"The second plot is Sally's. She is unhappy in her Bohemian existence because she's searching for something more important. In the play she is tempted to return to the English county life as the line of least resistance, but because of the integrity she develops she is finally able to reject this and go on to fulfill her greater potentialities."

As for the charge of indifference to the Nazi situation, Mr. Isherwood admits that the book went into it much more than the play does. However, he thinks the play goes into it enough. He explains: "We decided the play should be about Sally and not about the rise of Nazism. Johnny has done a wonderful job indicating the surrounding jungle of everything I wrote about Berlin without ever letting it engulf the plot. The bandage on the Jewish girl's cheek, the well-meaning but unwary landlady who symbolizes the whole German public, and the false gaiety of the tinselly German jazz of the period—which, incidentally, was the idea of Walter Starcke, the co-producer; he had to bully the orchestra to play it as if they were overworked and underpaid—all these show the large thing in small terms."

Two indications of the novelist's own attitude about that period of his life are his translation of one of these songs, "Just a Gigolo," which he recites with glee and delicious nostalgia, and the old German dolphin-clock described in "Berlin Stories," which he carries with him. His former landlady—to whom he was always Herr Issyvoo—gave it to him on his recent visit to Berlin. Although blown across the room during a bombing it has proved more durable than Hitler.

"I think I am much odder than Chris in the play," he says, crossing his knees and looking very much like the Mad Hatter. "But Johnny didn't try to make Chris resemble me too closely. He has my hypochondria, which I have since gotten over a bit, but really he's just there to be absorbed in the phenomenon of Sally as if he were a doctor looking at a patient with a rare disease. I think William Prince, who acts the role, gets that across beautifully. You know right off the bat there isn't going to be any boy-girl romance. I guess it's difficult for some audiences to take, because Mr. Prince and Julie Harris are such attractive young people and we have a sort of Hollywood convention that the handsome must always fall in love with the lovely."

—*Carl Van Vechten.*

Herr Issyvoo—"delicious nostalgia."

While Chris in Van Druten's play may not be exactly like the life model, Sally is. "The way Julie plays the part is more essentially Sally than she was herself. Julie has what Johnny calls 'an extraordinary luminosity of innocence' that keeps the character from becoming seamy, and she has fewer irrelevancies than the real Sally or the Sally I wrote. Seeing her in the play is as if the book were better written," confesses the novelist.

Mr. Isherwood refuses point blank to discuss the girl whom Sally was modeled after. He feels she has maintained her integrity, for while she is now an English housewife, she has nevertheless managed to have quite a career of her own. "We both did a lot of believing in each other in those days and I think the real Sally was born out my belief in her even more than I thought she would be."

"I Am a Camera" would probably have never been written if it hadn't been for Mr. Van Druten's pleasant habit of doing adaptations when he finds himself temporarily out of original ideas. "Almost everything in the play is his. I inserted an autobiographical line or two—'Imagine what it will be like to wake up without coughing, or feeling even the least little bit sick' is mine—but usually when I would suggest something he'd take it and change it to something much better before I had time to think about it."

Mr. Isherwood cites some of the changes made by Van Druten, who

Just a Gigolo *

(Christopher Isherwood's Version)

HANDSOME gigolo. Tragic gigolo
Think no more, no use repining.
How that Hussar bold, rode in days of old
Down the streets with gold braid shining.
Uniform must fade, sweethearts say goodbye
Bubble world broke and betrayed you.
Though your heart also breaks
Laugh don't show them how it aches
And dance for they have *paid* you.

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believes in no rule of playwriting except Arnold Bennett's dictum that the end of the first act must tell you where you are going. The adaptor-director invented the character of Sally's mother, made up the Fritz-Natalia subplot, and cooked up such theatrical punctuation as the "offbeat" second act curtain where Sally and Chris are suddenly separated after being very close. He likes to compare this with the "want to hear the ocean" curtain in "Member of the Wedding." Also contributed by Mr. Van Druten was the picture of the dead kitten waking up in heaven, which Isherwood thinks is "very Johnny."

Mr. Isherwood's own playwriting talents lie in a different direction as proved by "The Dog Beneath the Skin," "Ascent of F. 6," and "On the Frontier"—all of which he wrote with the poet W. H. Auden. "I'm interested in the less realistic kind of thing in the theatre. I'm really incapable of being mysterious, and I think awfully much of the way things sound. For instance I find Dylan Thomas's new poems magnificent even though I don't fully understand what they mean. They give me a musical pleasure."

Mr. Isherwood is a Vedantaist, a conscientious objector, and "a sort of old liberal-Socialist type." He has been an American citizen since after the war and confines his political activity to fighting for civil liberties. He believes that the Voice of America people could best combat Russia by labeling inimical European political factions as "pro-Russian" rather than "Communist." On his recent trip to Berlin he noticed signs pointing to the Soviet sector reading "TO THE DEMOCRATIC SECTOR." "I believe," he says quite seriously, "that the best way to combat such ridiculous propaganda is to kid it. We ought to put up signs pointing to the Allied zone that

". . . more durable than Hitler."

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would read "TO THE FASCIST-IMPERIALISTIC SECTOR.'"

Right now he's working on a novel that takes place mostly in Philadelphia called "The World in the Evening." The first chapter is published in Signet Book's "New World Writing." "You know, paper-bound with the front cover all sexed up I suppose. It's a humorous novel about a man forgiving his wife. Most of the action takes place before the novel starts. It is based very vaguely on things that happened in Philadelphia in 1941. Like the writer in 'I Am a Camera' it always takes me about ten years to fix and develop the pictures I take. In that time you alter the things you don't quite remember. I suppose," concludes Mr. Isherwood, with a dreamy grin, "that this alteration is what we call art." —HENRY HEWES.

Speaking Volumes

A TREASURY OF THE THEATRE. Compiled and introduced by John Gassner. Simon & Schuster. 3 vols., $6 each, $17.50 the set. If any man these days can be said to have one foot on Aristotle and the other on J. J. Shubert, it is John Gassner. Endowed with what John Mason Brown has described as "a fine Schlegelian mind," he has succeeded in taking the curse off an ingrained tendency towards verbosity and scholarliness by interjecting the treasury's 275,000 words of introductory criticism with occasional colloquial references and some highly personal wit. If his literary prejudices cause him to label "Cymbeline" a potboiler and to dismiss a theatrical era with "Molière left his mark, and the Restoration playwrights their scratches on the theatre," they also enable him to make devastating comments on such writers as Ferenc Molnar ("Theatre for him was not life itself, merely its bouquet") and Lillian Hellman ("Although she gave her villains some human dimension, she always caught them redhanded").

Mr. Gassner has chosen for his anthology those sixty-five plays which he believes best illustrate the history of the theatre rather than the sixty-five "best" plays of all time. His choices are generally excellent, although it is clear that some modern playwrights have (perhaps shortsightedly) refused to allow the anthologizing of a play that might have been slightly better than the ones included. Conspicuously absent among the older plays are Wycherley's "The Country Wife," Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Shaw's "Man and Superman," and Ansky's "The Dybbuk." Missing among the more modern ones are Molnar's "The Play's the Thing," O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms," Green's "Roll Sweet Chariot," Anderson's "Winterset," Anouilh's "Antigone," and Eliot's "The Cocktail Party."

But these omissions are inevitable and minor. "A Treasury of the Theatre" is a solid keystone for everyone's dramatic library, to be placed right alongside "The Complete Works of Shakespeare." Mr. Gassner has bulldozed the colossal to produce a work that is not only a high dividend portfolio of good theatre, but which is also a complete college course in drama from Greece's Aeschylus to our own Tennessee Williams. What's more, he has done the most valuable thing any anthologist can do. He has introduced his dramatists in such a way his readers will be stimulated to read other plays mentioned but not included in these hefty volumes. —.H. H.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Ruth Stebbins, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, lists twenty writers who used a certain word (or its plural) as an important part of the title of one of their works. A bonus of twenty points if you can name the word, and four points for each title will get you sixty for par, seventy for very good, and eighty or better the jackpot. Answers on page 64.

1. James M. Barrie.
2. Rudolf Besier.
3. Francis Bonnimay.
4. Norman Collins.
5. Valentine Davies.
6. John Dos Passos.
7. George Gissing.
8. Elizabeth Goudge.
9. Patrick Hamilton.
10. Ricarda Huch.
11. Fannie Hurst.
12. Frances Parkington Keyes.
13. Adria Locke Langley.
14. Sinclair Lewis.
15. Compton MacKenzie.
16. John Masefield.
17. Wade Miller.
18. Ann Petry.
19. William Raabe.
20. Elmer Rice.

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SR Goes to the Movies

AN EASTER TRIO: DE SICA, KEFAUVER, GENE KELLY

LET me begin this disquisition with a divagation. A good many years ago Erich von Stroheim was directing Gloria Swanson in a film called "Queen Kelly," an extravaganza that began in a Graustarkian kingdom and was to end in an Amazonian bordello. Von Stroheim had just completed the introductory sequences when Miss Swanson, who was putting up the money for the production, began to get cold feet. There was already enough footage to make an average feature, and Von Stroheim was still in Graustark. As he began to outline the action he envisioned for Brazil, Miss Swanson began to envision the reaction of censor groups all over the country. Prudently, she decided to call a halt right there. Von Stroheim was dismissed and another director brought in to bring the existing action to an abrupt though dramatically justifiable finale. Seeing "Queen Kelly" today, one can tell almost to the precise frame where Von Stroheim left off and the new director began. For Von Stroheim was a director with a passion for cumulative detail, with a keen sensitivity to emotional pitch. The moment the new director took over the pressure was off —and "Queen Kelly" ended as a very ordinary picture.

Once again film audiences have this rare but fascinating opportunity to observe within one picture the full influence of a master director juxtaposed against another, less creative hand. The Italian film "Tomorrow Is Too Late" (Burstyn), directed by Leonide Moguy, stars Vittorio de Sica, for years a popular actor on the Italian stage and screen but better known in this country as the director of "Bicycle Thief" and "Miracle in Milan." It is an open secret that De Sica also directed many of the sequences in "Tomorrow." And one can spot them readily. As he has proven so many times before, De Sica has a special touch with children, and in this film, which deals with the problem of sex education in the public schools, De Sica takes scenes that might easily have turned mawkish and sentimental or artificial and cunning and manages to keep them warmly human. His children, whether staging a school play or peering into a cabbage to see if that is where babies really come from, are always children and not cute little adults.

Unfortunately, Leonide Moguy's script is plainly contrived as a shocker and his own scenes are strongly tinged with melodrama. The children, attending a sort of summer holiday school, fall under the supervision of an old-fashioned schoolmarm who insists on rigid separation of boys and girls and finds their natural curiosity about the birds and bees outrageous. Her harshness precipitates the film's major calamities, none of which is precisely new or particularly well set forth. But De Sica, both as Moguy's part-time director and as an understanding school teacher, sets up a tide of credibility and sweetness that sways the entire film. Pier Angeli is utterly charming as the young girl who believes that kissing makes babies and Gino Leurini is equally convincing as the boy who knows very little more than that himself.

If "Tomorrow Is Too Late" points to faulty sex education as a social sore that needs attention, the American-made "Captive City" (United Artists) gets at one a good deal more basic. A low-budgeted exposé of the infiltration of racketeers into a typical American community, it makes its bid for extra attention by presenting Senator Estes Kefauver at the end of the picture. He voices directly the moral that "Captive City" tries to drive home—that crime is everybody's business. As written by former newspaperman Alvin Josephy Jr. and directed by Robert Wise, however, the film actually makes its point quite well without the Senator. Indeed, there is altogether too much talk in the development of the story in the first place. But its picture of a young newspaper editor who finds

—From "Tomorrow Is Too Late."

Pier Angeli—"utterly charming."

Helen Hayes

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crime just under the surface of his respectable little town is all too convincing in the light of current headlines. John Archer, who speaks and moves with an extraordinary resemblance to Henry Fonda, is credible as the crusading editor, and a cast of predominantly new faces lends considerable realism to this unsavory bit of Americana.

To make this a far more gladsome Easter season all around, M-G-M brings forth "Singin' in the Rain," a big, bouncy, Technicolored show that has just about everything you could ask of a musical. Its story, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, is a sturdy and delightful spoof of the early talkies, and it provides a valid excuse for reviving a good dozen pleasantly nostalgic tunes and dances that gently parody the lavish routines of Busby Berkely's girls or vigorously set forth the Charleston and Black Bottom for a new generation. Through it all Gene Kelly moves smoothly and easily, Donald O'Connor clowns with an adroitness hitherto unsuspected, and Jean Hagen, with a blond wig and Judy Holliday voice, proves herself an extraordinarily able comedienne.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

Singin' in the Rain: Reviewed in this issue.

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

My Six Convicts: Prison lore based on Donald Powell Wilson's book of same name. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

Deadline—U.S.A.: For once, a true-to-life film about the newspaper profession. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

The Belle of New York: Fred Astaire as nimble as ever, with some captivating Currier & Ives backdrops. (*SR* Mar. 22.)

The Marrying Kind: Matrimony runs a bumpy but witty course as delineated by actress Judy Holliday, director George Cukor, and writers Kanin & Gordon. (*SR* Mar. 22.)

The Magic Garden: A light-hearted comedy from South Africa, with a plot compounded of miracles and a substratum of satire. (*SR* Mar. 15.)

5 *Fingers*: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual clichés of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

Cry, the Beloved Country: A sensitive screen translation by Alan Paton of his moving novel of South African life. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

Decision Before Dawn: An exciting, but arguable presentation of a "good German" PW who spies for us. (*SR* Dec. 29.)

The Young and the Damned: Luis Bunuel's enlightened and enlightening study of Mexico's juvenile delinquents, reviewed here under its original title, "Los Olvidados." (*SR* Sept. 15.)

TV and Radio

THE SWEET COMPULSION OF MUSIC—AND POLO

A CARPET company brings us quotations from Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," read by David Ross as commercials on NBC-TV's new music series "Meet the Masters." That is an agreeable novelty and fillip to these programs which enable us to hear and see such fine artists as Jascha Heifetz, Marian Anderson, Artur Rubinstein, and Gregor Piatigorsky (presented on film, alternate Sundays in the East). Unlike the same network's "TV Recital Hall," which concentrates attention exclusively on the artist and the work performed, and unlike its Toscanini telecasts, which fuse incomparably—through this great conductor's genius, dramatic visage, and emotional vitality—the excitement and exaltation of our musical heritage, "Meet the Masters" adorns the artist's talent with insights into his life and ideas.

In the Marian Anderson film the soprano was seen variously at her Connecticut estate, in the kitchen, sewing with two protégés, and rehearsing for a forthcoming concert tour, encompassed by a simple dignity that must have been hers when, as a child, she scrubbed steps in the poor district of Philadelphia. Artur Rubinstein was shown making "takes" and listening to studio playbacks of his RCA Victor recordings; and on the wall near the piano in his California home the pianist pointed out a triptych symbolizing chapters in his career. Mr. Rubinstein, now married and the father of three children, was once an inveterate bachelor; for a long time he traveled singly all over the world, but learned at last that "to enjoy success you must see it in the eyes of someone you love."

Aside from such meaningful bits of autobiography the alleged "documentary" structures which surround the actual performances by the artists are somewhat contrived, although directed in good taste by Irving Reis. The substance of "Meet the Masters" is the music and the artistry. The liquid, restrained power of Heifetz and the esthetic-religious emotions experienced watching Miss Anderson sing "The Crucifixion" are prime examples of the pleasure to be derived from this fine series.

An NBC Radio correspondent, Leon Pearson, is doing a weekly quarter-hour stint for his network called "Critic at Large" (Sunday afternoons) in which he takes "a second look at the offerings that shape the mind of America—books, plays, magazines, and movies." That is an agreeable novelty, too. Radio and TV, next to comic books and Harry S. Truman the most criticized of American institutions, do glaringly little themselves to foster the critical spirit, even of companion communications media. Naturally, and unfortunately, Mr. Pearson takes no second look at the twin antennae arts (no mean mind-shapers) for understandable stockholder reasons, although radio and TV, being government-licensed business enterprises, might conceivably—in the interests of developing standards—claim exemption from unwritten laws which preclude public criticism of competitors. It is fantasy, of course, but it would be fun—and, in responsible hands, entirely constructive.

Notwithstanding this significant gap in the fabric of ideas which he examines, Mr. Pearson's critical miscellany is entertaining, if popular rather than serious specialized criticism. He lays about him roundly at things he does not like (item—Lait's and Mortimer's "U.S.A. Confidential," which he labeled "a lifting up of manhole covers. . .") and he likes

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"international significance in the arts" (items—the South African film "Cry, the Beloved Country," the Japanese "Rasho-Mon," and the French "Passion for Life"). Pearson lectures the slick magazines for their editorial pandering to market research stereotypes, excerpts lines from Byron, Emily Dickinson, Marianne Moore, Vachel Lindsay, and apologies for liking Cecil B. De Mille's "The Greatest Show on Earth." He is newsy, eclectic, and affirmative. All in all, a good hit on the middle register of the lively arts scale.

THE chiefest novelty among recent air newcomers is Old King Polo's "lovely score" for capitalism now available two hours every Saturday night over the Dumont Television Network. Dumont (which, incidentally, also houses the new, hotted-up "Author Meets the Critics" with Faye Emerson) is carrying the Eastern twelve-goal Indoor Polo Tournament; and the damage done regularly by CBS-TV's "Stork Club" to the public relations of the economic system under which Horatio Algers can still become Tommy Hitchcocks is handsomely repaired by the graceful polo ponies and their mounted, modern knights astride, under pith, with mallet.

We watched the young scions in blue from Winged Foot rear up over a six-goal handicap and drub Fairfield's Connecticut whites, and we concluded that there is life in Adam Smith yet. This hockey on horseback is a rough, tough game, as the "Roller Derby" announcer would growl, a far socio-economic cry from the rock-'em, sock-'em ladies and gents on skates, but both games are shoulder to bone-crushing body check when it comes to potential mayhem.

In a nicely articulated Colony Club accent, polocaster Arthur Little, Jr. announced that "one man got his nose busted last week, and another, knocked out cold, got up to wave the ambulance away" and hook mallets once again with the opposition. The ponies are awesomely clever in the feet and brave in the heart with the mallets swinging and the white ball flying around their heads. Action at the goalposts is frequent and lively; the horsemanship (to a non-horseman) seemed splendid, and with TV lenses for eyes, polo is no longer "a game that's always played at the far side of the field."

Now if we could only get Sherman Billingsley's unabashed pluto-court off the air, the revolution might never come, after all.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Music to My Ears

ROSEBERY AVENUE TO BROADWAY—TOSCANINI'S "NINTH"

SOME light on the dubious success of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet in its New York showing at the end of a national tour may be shed by a comparison of the Sadler's Wells Theatre, where it plays on Rosebery Avenue in London, with the Warner Brothers' Theatre on Broadway. The former, cozy and unpretentious, is by American standards a neighborhood house—cheap prices, hard seats, whitewashed walls, etc. The latter, by any standards, is unequivocally garish—and not good for ballet of whatever order.

Setting up Elaine Fifield and Patricia Miller and Svetlana Beriosova as "sisters" to Margot Fonteyn, Moira Shearer, and Beryl Grey of the Sadler's Wells Company seen in the Metropolitan was an interesting publicity dodge. But the question remains: Sisters how many years removed? The productions of the authentic Sadler's Wells Ballet had passed through the crucible of Covent Garden before being marked for overseas service. The promises of a year ago that something comparable might happen to the newer group were largely unfulfilled. With neglible alterations Broadway saw what was seen at the Wells . . . and it just wasn't good enough.

The onus should be on the importers rather than the imported. Given adequate time Beriosova, Miller, Blair, and Poole can amount to fine dancers. Fifield is already a tremendously accomplished one, both as a technician and in flitting resourcefully from classics to comedy. But she is slim in presence and rather brittle in personality to carry the work load of a major repertory. Ten years hence she may be a Markova, but one wishes she had had a fair opportunity to mature before being judged by the highly competitive standards of New York.

Elaine Fifield—"classics to comedy."

The regrettable aspect of the whole enterprise is that the authentic qualities of this company—its youth and vivacity, its essential modesty and charm—were sold short by the circumstances of presentation. Even the new full-length "Coppelia"—which came nearest to fulfiling the promise of works designed for the American market—was lacking in brilliance or power to measure against previous versions seen here. Blair is an attractive boy—but asking him to do a man's job was just too much. Likewise Beriosova, in a role beglamoured by such as Danilova and Slavenska.

As well as bearing down heavily on the still unformed dancing talents involved, the circumstances of presentation put a cruel load on the sound abilities of its principal choreographer, John Cranko. His expressive "Beauty and the Beast" (Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite was the music) and his ebullient "Pineapple Poll" were lost in the shuffling of a typical Broadway opening night audience, while his adventurous "Harlequin in April" (music by Arnall) is more promising than perfected. John Lanchbery's orchestral direction was no more worth the price asked ($6 top) than the whole company, decor, and action.

* * *

Every Toscanini performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony provides a point of vantage from which to survey the general music making since its last occurrence. For here is the unquestioned pinnacle of our culture's musical expression magnetizing the efforts of a man whose talents, certainly, are the closest in re-creative power to its creative demands. The immovable and the irresistible are intimately involved, regardless of which role is assigned to the active figure, Toscanini.

In his latest try, in the benefit concert broadcast from Carnegie Hall, Toscanini came closer to aural perfection than in any previous version

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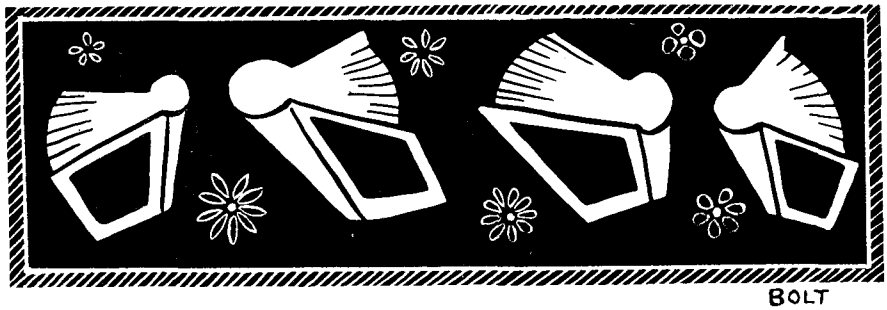
he has directed of the "Choral" Symphony. The orchestra behaved irreproachably, the chorus (trained by Robert Shaw) gave him a full measure of instrumental efficiency, and the solo quartet—Eileen Farrell, Nan Merrimann, Jan Peerce, and Norman Scott—conformed to the prescribed requirements with precision and accuracy. Farrell had some tentative moments at the beginning (a consequence, no doubt, of a first appearance with Toscanini) but the soprano's line in the later quartet episode was strongly projected.

Whatever miniscule blemishes might appear in a review of the performance (as, for example, from a recording which might well emerge for general sale) it was a triumphant affirmation of a potent musical impulse. Persons and ages aside, the music sprang fresh and assured from first to last with a total eloquence suggested by other conductors—Mengelberg, Koussevitzky, Walter, Weingartner—but paralleled by none. As in the preceding performance of the Beethoven No. 1 the sound was always intellectually secure, always musically centered, always emotionally suggestive of thoughts and ideas as universal as the U.N., and much more unpolitical.

* * *

Several light years removed from this stellar phenomenon, but not without astral implications of its own, was the first hearing in years of a major work by Anton Rubinstein, the D minor Piano Concerto, chosen by Oscar Levant for his appearance with Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic-Symphony in a week-end pair at Carnegie Hall. Such musicality as Rubinstein possessed has always poised a latent attraction in his creations, though the sugared trifles that persist ("Kamenoi-Ostrow" and "Melody in F") are as little representative of him as "Für Elise" would be of Beethoven.

The concerto as revealed by Levant is a curious mixture of strength and sentimentality, with some ideas worthy of Schumann, a sense of proportion wholly Rubinstein's, and a curiously impersonal orchestral coloration that is, perhaps, its abiding limitation. I didn't feel that Levant dominated the pianistic writing as he might have, for even occasional inaccuracies are disillusioning in a work so plainly tailored for virtuosity as this one. Inner tension was present, however, also a strong sense of outline and a compelling forward movement that planed off rough spots in the writing in a steady drive to a climax. —Irving Kolodin.



SR *Readers' Poll*

A GOOD book, some publishers to the contrary, is not a fresh vegetable that will spoil unless sold and consumed immediately. Few things seem deader to many publishers than last week's title when they are busy plugging today's opus and getting ready for tomorrow's unveiling. To a reader, however, a good book is still fresh and inviting even though published as long ago as last month, especially if he has not yet read it. The snows of winter have yielded to the crocus, but the titles that dominated the winter book lists are still being read and enjoyed by *SR* subscribers in the spring.

The sea is still with us as well as around us. Among the top five titles which respondents to *The Saturday Review*'s latest poll reported they had recently read with particular pleasure four concerned some aspect of sea life, including the Navy. The second category of broad appeal to readers brought the Army into the picture along with the history of World War II. Otherwise the leading titles reported were as diversified as their subject matter, and almost equally divided between fiction and non-fiction.

Two books scored noteworthy records in the poll. Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us" is the first book to head an *SR* poll twice. Furthermore, Alan Paton's moving classic on life in South Africa, "Cry, the Beloved Country," has maintained some ranking in each poll since it was published four years ago.

The twenty-five titles most frequently mentioned in the latest poll of the reading pleasure and preferences of *Saturday Review* subscribers follow in the order of their popularity:

Rank	*Title*	*Author*
1.	The Sea Around Us	Rachel Carson
2.	The Caine Mutiny	Herman Wouk
3.	The Catcher in the Rye	J. D. Salinger
4.	Kon-Tiki	Thor Heyerdahl
5.	The Cruel Sea	Nicholas Monsarrat
6.	Strange Lands and Friendly People	William O. Douglas
7.	Melville Goodwin, U. S. A.	John P. Marquand
8.	From Here to Eternity	James Jones
9.	Return to Paradise	James Michener
10.	Boswell's London Journal	James Boswell
11.	Gods, Graves and Scholars	C. W. Ceram
12.	Closing the Ring	Winston Churchill
13.	His Eye Is on the Sparrow	Ethel Waters
14.	The End of the Affair	Graham Greene
15.	My Six Convicts	Donald Powell Wilson
16.	Requiem for a Nun	William Faulkner
17.	The Blessing	Nancy Mitford
18.	A Soldier's Story	General Omar N. Bradley
19.	The Far Side of Paradise	Arthur Mizener
20.	The Magnificent Century	Thomas B. Costain
21.	Cry, the Beloved Country	Alan Paton
22.	A Man Called Peter	Catherine Marshall
23.	White Man's Return	Agnes Newton-Keith
24.	Florence Nightingale	Cecil Woodham-Smith
25.	My Cousin Rachel	Daphne DuMaurier

—William D. Patterson.

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BOOKS WORTH READING

(Continued from page 21)

"The Desert Year," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane).
"My Son's Story," by John P. Frank (Knopf).
"Geography of Hunger," by Josue de Castro (Little, Brown).

Fiction

"Look Down in Mercy," by Walter Baxter (Putnam).
"The Deceivers," by John Masters (Viking).
"Hold Back the Night," by Pat Frank (Lippincott).
"Gown of Glory," by Agnes Sligh Turnbull (Houghton Mifflin).
"Trial by Terror," by Paul Gallico (Knopf).

VAN ALLEN BRADLEY
Chicago Daily News

General

"Mr. President," by William Hillman (Farrar, Straus & Young).
"Boswell in Holland," by James Boswell, edited by Frederick A. Pottle (McGraw-Hill).
"W. R.: A New Study of William Randolph Hearst," by Harry Bull (Farrar, Straus & Young).
"The Stars: A New Way to See Them," by H. A. Rey (Houghton Mifflin).
"The Struggle for Europe," by Chester Wilmot (Harper).

Fiction

"The Hidden Flower," by Pearl S. Buck (John Day).
"Shiloh," by Shelby Foote (Dial).
"Hold Back the Night," by Pat Frank (Lippincott).
"The Bogman," by Walter Macken (Macmillan).
"Back of Town," by Maritta Wolff (Random).

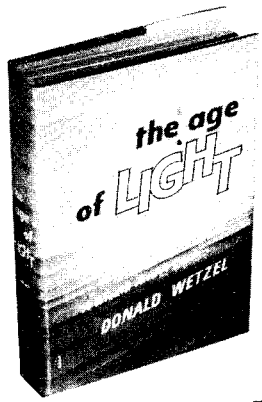
HERMAN KOGAN
Chicago Sun - Times

General

"Lincoln and His Generals," by T. Harry Williams (Knopf).
"Ages in Chaos," by Immanuel Velikovsky (Doubleday).
"Duveen, " by S. N. Behrman (Random).
"City of Discontent," by Mark Harris (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Rome and a Villa," by Eleanor Clark (Doubleday).

Fiction

"The Groves of Academe," by Mary McCarthy (Harcourt, Brace).
"The Sin of the Prophet," by Truman Nelson (Little, Brown).
"Hold Back the Night," by Pat Frank (Lippincott).
"The Judgment of Paris," by Gore Vidal (Dutton).
"Moby-Dick," by Herman Melville. Centennial edition (Hendricks House).



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FREDERICK BABCOCK
Chicago Tribune

General

"Witness," by Whittaker Chambers (Random).
"From Main Street to Stockholm: Letters of Sinclair Lewis, 1919-1930" (Harcourt, Brace).
"Cavalcade of the American Novel," by Edward Wagenknecht (Henry Holt).
"Boswell in Holland," by James Boswell (McGraw-Hill).
"Memoirs of Herbert Hoover," Vol. II (Macmillan).

Fiction

"Lieutenant Hornblower," by C. S. Forester (Little, Brown).
"The Son of Adam Wyngate," Mary O'Hara (McKay).
"John Bonwell," by Charles K. Pulse (Farrar, Straus & Young).
"Gown of Glory," by Agnes Sligh Turnbull (Houghton Mifflin).
"The Houses in Between," by Howard Spring (Harper).

FREDERIC YEISER
Cincinnati Enquirer

General

"Oswald Spengler," by H. Stuart Hughes (Scribner's).
"The Age of the Baroque," by Carl Joachim Friedrich (Harper).
"Uses of the Past," by Muller (Oxford).
"Rome and a Villa," by Eleanor Clark (Doubleday).
"Boswell in Holland," by James Boswell, edited by Frederick A. Pottle (McGraw-Hill).

Fiction

"Free Among the Dead," by Alfred Marnau (Pellegrini & Cudahy).
"The Bidou Inheritance," by Edith de Born (Norton).
"The Lighted Cities," by Ernest Frost (Harcourt, Brace).
"The Groves of Academe," by Mary McCarthy (Harcourt, Brace).
"998," by Edward Hyams (Pantheon).

ERNEST CADY
Columbus Dispatch

General

"Witness," by Whittaker Chambers (Random).
"Back Door to War," by Charles Callan Tansill (Regnery).
"The Life of Billy Yank," by Bell Irvin Wiley (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Enemy Within," by Raymond de Jaeger & Irene Corbally Kuhn (Doubleday).
"How to Keep Our Liberty," by Raymond Moley (Knopf).

Fiction

"Winds of Morning," by H. L. Davis (Morrow).
"Children of the Rainbow," by Bryan MacMahon (Dutton).
"Shiloh," by Shelby Foote (Dial).
"Hold Back the Night," by Pat Frank (Lippincott).
"The Swift Cloud," by Sigrid De Lima (Scribner's).

ROBERT I. SNADOR
Cleveland Plain Dealer

General

"The Confident Years," by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton).
"Glory Road," by Bruce Catton (Doubleday).
"How to Get Rich in Washington," by Blair Bolles (Norton).
"The Struggle for Europe," by Chester Wilmot (Harper).
"The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover," Vol. II (Macmillan).

Fiction

"Hold Back the Night," by Pat Frank (Lippincott).

Cock Crow

By Edith Warner Johnson

I'M old and gullible I know,
So now my pert and peering traveler I'll go,
I'll go with you away from what you call my blind conceits.
You say the moon is a dead world and bleak
Its other face a cold, a lifeless cheek
Divested of my dream
Of God,
Whereas the intoxicating beam
Has made my spirit quake
With quick heart-beat and ache.
Yet now you ask me to reject this singular invitation
Hung like a lordly sign
At the wide gate of creation.

But how can you explain this strange vibration
That shakes the very air?
I'd say that some important personage was passing by.
That even God was there.
Or was this shudder, cock crow after my denial,
Or clink of Judas' silver splintering the air?

Cock crow, cock crow,
Come, my young friend, we'll go.

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"Mittee," by Daphne Rooke (Houghton Mifflin).
"The Forest Cavalier," by Roy Flannagan (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Spark of Life," by Erich Maria Remarque (Appleton-Century-Crofts).
"All That Heaven Allows," by Edna & Harry Lee (Putnam).

LON TINKLE
Dallas Morning News

General

"Winston Churchill: An Informal Study of Greatness," by Robert Lewis Taylor (Doubleday).
"Duveen," by S. N. Behrman (Random).
"The Thurber Album," by James Thurber (Simon & Schuster).
"Visa to Moscow," by Michel Gordey (Knopf).
"The World of George Jean Nathan," edited by Charles Angoff (Knopf).

Fiction

"Shiloh," by Shelby Foote (Dial).
"Doting," by Henry Green (Viking).
"The Bogman," by Walter Macken (Macmillan).
"The Hidden Flower," by Pearl S. Buck (John Day).

JOHN K. SHERMAN
Minneapolis Star & Tribune

General

"The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg," edited by Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr. & Joe Alexis Morris (Houghton Mifflin).
"Lincoln and His Generals," by T. Harry Williams (Knopf).
"The Desert Year," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane).
"Duveen," by S. N. Behrman (Random).
"The Thurber Album," by James Thurber (Simon & Schuster).

Fiction

"District of Columbia," by John Dos Passos (Houghton Mifflin).
"Ask Me Tomorrow," by James Gould Cozzens (Harcourt, Brace).
"A Stone for Danny Fisher," by Harold Robbins (Knopf).
"Gown of Glory," by Agnes Sligh Turnbull (Houghton Mifflin).
"The Earthbreakers," by Ernest Haycox (Little, Brown).

PAUL FLOWERS
Memphis Commercial Appeal

General

"People of the Deer," by Farley Mowat (Little, Brown).
"The Extraordinary Mr. Morris," by Howard Swiggett (Doubleday).
"Grandma Moses: My Life History," edited by Otto Kallir (Harper).
"Boswell in Holland," by James Boswell, edited by Frederick A. Pottle. (McGraw-Hill).

Fiction

"The Alexandrians," by Charles Mills (Putnam).
"The Devil's Advocate," by Taylor Caldwell (Crown).
"Hold Back the Night," by Pat Frank (Lippincott).
"Windom's Way," by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippincott).
"The Shining Tides," by Win Brooks (Morrow).

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THE GREATER GARBLE

(*Continued from page 15*)

sure and the amount of falsification. For readers who are no professional writers, it is perhaps necessary to add that the author's motive in resisting alterations is very rarely pure obstinacy and pride. Every writer has not only endured a great deal of editing before he gets to his first book, but he has also learned to welcome all suggestions. Molière exemplified the rule, not the exception, when he called in his cook to ask her opinion about a phrase he had just written. Now that writers no longer have cooks they ask friends or relatives. But a remark or a suggestion differs from an imposition precisely in that it leaves the author free to gauge its fitness and choose alternatives.

It may be a bold thing to say, but the chances are that the practiced writer will be more competent to make delicate choices than the girl with Webster at her elbow. And if we are to consider the general good, the question of art comes immediately after the political. Some books are meant to last, and experience shows that these desirable additions to our literature need the spice of style and character to preserve them from decay. It is because a man does not write like everybody else and yet remains accessible that he is a good writer. Why then take exceeding pains to make him sound like Tom, Dick, and Harry?

As for the notion that he can be *improved* by Miss Anonymous, what can the poor young lady with poised pencil contribute, even and especially when she hands down the law codified in some other non-writer's handbook? If it were not always a duty to avoid giving pain, an author might begin by asking her, "How much English literature of all the great periods have you read? Can you at sight tell a passage by Burton from one by Sir Thomas Browne, or one by Dashiell Hammett from one by Hemingway? Never tried it? Then, my dear, what do you know about style? Have you by any chance read Herbert Read on the subject? Or Bonamy Dobree, Quiller-Couch, Walter Raleigh, Henry Betts? Oh, it's not really style you go in for but merely usage? Very well, do you know Trench on words? or Ernest Weekly? Ivor Brown? Do you occasionally take up Krapp's book on American speech or Mencken's monumental volumes? Have you studied Jespersen on syntax and Saintsbury on prose rhythm? No wonder we talk at cross purposes!

"But let's forget for a moment the sure and the amount of falsification.

For readers who are not professional classics of theory and look at some of your rules of thumb. You tell me that you have transposed this phrase and cut the sentence in two because you felt it was "smoother" that way. Is it your notion that prose should invariably be smooth? Do you not see that in making this change you have removed an obstacle designed to slow up the reader and make him dwell on an important point? And in doing your crude surgery you have exactly repeated the rhythm created by the two preceding sentences, so that instead of the emphasis instinctively contrived you have made sing-song and put the reader to sleep. What? Of course you haven't time to go into that! Exactly my point! I put in the time and you rip the knitting. I shall call you Penelope, and may you have many suitors!"

SO much for the rights of authors. It remains to say something about the rights of the public and of the English language itself. The public is not only entitled to get its writers' words verbatim, it is also entitled to as much variety of speech, tone, and usage as the country's literary talent affords. The English language is a great instrument for thought by virtue of its multiplicity of diverse and parallel forms. When equally clear, these should all be kept alive by simply letting anyone use them at will. Reducing them to one "approved" pattern in the name of a fad, however widespread, or a whim, however whimsical, is nothing but a deprivation, an injury to the reader no less than to the writer.

And having mentioned fads, I want to record my conviction that the hullaballoo about "which" and "that," *which* has now spread everywhere like poison ivy, is a fad and nothing more. It is based on a suggestion of Fowler's, *which* is perfectly good in itself, but which cannot and should not be automatically carried out. For example, when the demonstrative or conjunctive "that" is nearby, or when a preposition precedes the relative, "which" has to be used. When "which" sounds better, because it is a little more explosive, it must be used. Finally, when the hint of an afterthought is to be conveyed, "which" is preferable

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even though its role is to introduce a defining or restrictive clause. There are more nuances in heaven and earth than are dreamt of by Horatio's sister Penelope.

Granted that she only does (*sic*) what she is paid to do, her employers' error is to suppose that good writing comes out of the dictionary. The exact reverse is the truth: dictionaries are made from the usage of good writers. But the contrary assumption leads copy editors to allow any number of grievous false meanings (*e.g.* disinterested for uninterested) so long as these have found a niche in some collegiate word book, while simultaneously gagging over perfectly good words such as "likewise"—as though the author could not summon up "also" if he so desired—fad and whim!

It is a sorry reflection to have to make that just when the musicians have at last thrown over their unenforceable rules about the way to prepare or resolve given chords, writers should be falling under a comparable yoke. It is comparable because "the rule" is necessarily framed without knowledge of local conditions. It is comparable because the ideal of consistency, if rigidly adhered to, sooner or later ends in absurdity, the denial of meaning, complete non-sense. Life invariably beats system, and literature is more like life than it is like system. Hence a writer can be better trusted to have a purpose in breaking a rule than a girl clerk in enforcing it. He has a meaning in mind whereas she has only pride of correctness, in fussy foolish imitation of the literalism of science. Some years ago, for example, the news got about that in Mary Shelley's forgotten romance, Frankenstein was the name of the monster's inventor, not of the monster itself. Down went this gloatworthy fact on all the blacklists, with the result that a useful shorthand term for "the engineer hoist with his own petard" was edited out of all writers who used it. They had to write: "Frankenstein's monster." But what about a Ford? Oughtn't we to write: "He drove off in his little Ford's monster"?

None of this means that anarchy should prevail. Rather it means that system, which satisfies everyone's need for order and discipline, is good only when self-imposed. And here we might turn the tables on publishers by asking why the modern author under their thumb is not free to be consistent with himself when he wishes—why must he write "*a* historian" when his publisher is Goop and Co., and "*an* historian" when it is Goon Associates? Is there not a truer unity among a man's works than among the miscellaneous lot of books issued by

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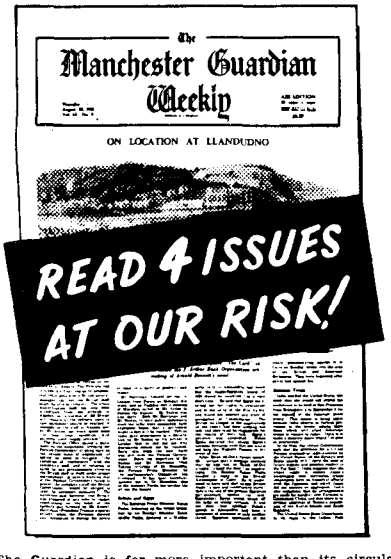

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one firm? I have been told by publishers that *their readers* come to expect a certain style and form. This is the megalomania that comes of inhaling printer's ink. Publishers have no readers. Readers can scarcely remember the author and title of most of the books they enjoy, let alone notice that here is a volume by those fine editors of the Pumpkin Press, who can be absolutely relied on to use serial commas and never, never begin a sentence with "And." Book publishers have simply drawn a false analogy with magazines, where a certain uniformity *is* justifiable, both because subscribers want a homogeneous package and because the common yoke imposed on authors is only temporary. Even so, the best magazine editors consult their authors—notably *The New Yorker* editors—and have even been known to yield to a writer's reasons.

For like all true stylists such editors recognize that the so-called ideal of consistency overlooks the existence of what I have elsewhere termed Preferable Error. This is an essential ingredient of art, conscious or unconscious, as a pair of illustrations will show. Here is Pepys, a natural writer whom copy editors would have reduced to a droning bore: "My wife and I by water to Westminster, and after she had seen her father (of whom lately I have heard nothing at all what he does or her mother) . . ." And here is a man who is usually careful to the point of anemia, John Stuart Mill: "But the patience of all the founders of the Society was at last exhausted, except me and Roebuck." Imagine the itching pencil of the copy editor. Pepys would be hacked to make three short flat sentences; Mill would wind up saying: "except that of Roebuck and mine," for it is polite to name other people first, and Penelope's politeness is proverbial. But the diarist would have vanished from our sight, and Mill's impatience would have evaporated.

The conclusion is simple: let copy editors stick to their rightful task: making the author's manuscript clear for the printer, leaving it the *author's* manuscript, not a surreptitious symposium If in the course of catching typos and inadvertent omissions Penelope has some useful suggestions, let her submit a short list to the author for his irrevocable decision. Then perhaps we shall begin to have on our shelves the genuine writings of our twentieth-century authors.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The above article is unedited, unexpurgated, and, we hope, unmarred by the now-timid pencils of our chastened copy editors.*

PASSOVER

(*Continued from page 37*)

brevity of the Bible and the ever-changing Jewish society, the Jewish sages found it necessary continually to clarify Jewish law as expressed in the Bible. The Talmud analyzes Jewish law; it probes; it explains provisions and meanings not on the surface of the Biblical texts. It discusses, in the main, Jewish law, but it does not overlook the non-legal aspects and traditions of the Jews.

Rabbi Bokser, in his brief volume, offers a popular introduction to the Talmud which is meant—as, indeed, the Talmud itself was meant—for the general reader. He declares that it is his intention "to clarify the relationship between the Bible and the Talmud and to trace the forces that inspired its growth and gave it such popularity." He does tell a good deal about the Talmud's history, its opponents and its proponents, and the history of the time during which it was composed. Its foundations were laid in the fourth century B.C., but its period of richest productivity came after the Roman victory over the Jews in 70 A.D. There seems to be too much talk about the Talmud in this volume and too little, far too little, from the Talmud itself. There are sections on the Theological Elements in the Talmud, on Social Ethics in the Talmud, on Personal Morality in the Talmud, on Jurisprudence of the Talmud, and Human Wisdom in the Talmud. The book also contains biographical sketches of some of the leading rabbis of the Talmud and various illustrative stories, parables, and proverbs. This volume offers a taste of the great work, but the currently available "Everyman's Talmud," by Dr. A. Cohen, and the "Talmudic Anthology," by Louis I. Newman and Samuel Spitz, give far more insight into the work itself. Nevertheless, this is a commendable popularization of one of the great works of all time.

HILLEL: The Book Against the Sword. By Eli E. Pilchik. Henry Schuman. $2.50. Eli Pilchik is a rabbi in Newark, N. J., who is working on a series of books on Jewish spiritual leaders of which this semi-fictional biography—cast in autobiographical form—is the first. Hillel, one of the greatest Jewish rabbis and teachers, is a beloved personality in Jewish lore around whom countless legends have developed. A gigantic moral teacher, he is perhaps best known for enunciating the Jewish Golden Rule. When asked by a skeptical Roman: "Teach me your whole

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Torah while I stand on one foot!" Hillel is said to have replied: "That which is hateful to you, do not to your fellowman. That is the whole Torah; all the rest is commentary." Hillel, however, added a sentence which is seldom emphasized, but indicates that even in his pithy remark he was aware of its oversimplification. He then stated: "Now put your raised foot back down on the floor and go forth and learn." It is the "go forth and learn" which is always overlooked by those fond of quoting Hillel.

Rabbi Pilchik, in using a mixed approach—fictional and factual—manages to illuminate the Jewish morality teachings of Hillel, to point up the differences between his school (the gentle, patient school of Jewish teaching) and that of Shammai, his great contemporary, who was more severe and resolute in having his students live up to the very word of the Torah. But Hillel does not, as the publisher's blurb optimistically asserts, step out of the folios of the Talmud, "a man of flesh and blood." The writing is generally stilted, and, as usual in such cases, one doesn't know where legend ends and fact begins.

The wood engravings by Ilya Schor are in his now-familiar style, enhancing the attractiveness of the book.

AMERICAN JEWRY AND THE CIVIL WAR. By Bertram W. Korn. Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. $4. While the Civil War has been the subject of countless historical, scholarly, and fictional books, this is the first volume to deal with the Jewish community of 150,000 American Jews who, like all other Americans, split widely over the issues and fought and killed one another in that four-year period.

Rabbi Korn, an ex-Navy chaplain and a Philadelphia rabbi, has been delving deeply into American-Jewish history and in this work has come up with a fascinating, scholarly volume describing in great detail the history of the Jews as a community in that bloody war. He tells how the Jewish group differed sharply on the slavery issue (the most highly publicized rabbinical statement in American history was made by Dr. Morris J. Raphall, a celebrated Jewish clergyman who quoted the Bible in defending slavery), of the battle to win the right for Jewish chaplains to serve in the Union Army, of General Grant's General Order expelling all Jews "as a class" from his Army department, and President Lincoln's countermanding of that order. Rabbi Korn also devotes much space to a discussion of Lincoln's relationship to Jews, with particular emphasis on his close friendship with Abraham Jonas and Isachar Zacharie.

The volume includes eighty pages of notes and an appendix .The fifteen-page index is excellent as are the lists of bibliography and supplementary readings. One could wish for less emphasis on the rabbinical and more on the lay leadership. But as a work of scholarship, "American Jewry and the Civil War" is excellent.

THE WAY OF MAN. By Martin Buber. Wilcox & Follett Co., Chicago. In this *forty-six page book, which contains* six Hasidic tales and Professor Buber's lucid mystical-religious interpretations of them, there are enough flashes of insight and solid pages of Jewish commentary to keep a reader genuinely interested in Judaism pondering the significance of Jewish thought. Much of this material appeared originally in two previous volumes by Professor Buber on tales of the Hasidim. The very brevity of the presentation here, however, highlights the acute perceptions of the great Jewish philosopher.

"The Way of Man," with the subtitle "According to the Teachings of Hasidism," offers not only typically sharp Hasidic parables, but wonderfully clear comments by Professor Buber. In the essay "The Particular Way" (to serve God) Professor Buber remarks on the importance of a person being true to himself. "Every person born into this world," he writes, "represents something new, something that never existed before, something original and unique. Every man's foremost tasks is the actualization of his unique, unprecedented, and never-recurring potentialities, and not the repetition of something that another . . . has already achieved." Thus, the wisdom of a Rabbi Zusya, who said, "In the world to come I shall not be asked, 'Why were you not Moses?' I shall be asked: 'Why were you not Zusya?'" To Professor Buber, then, all men have access to God, but each man has a different access and any natural act, if hallowed, leads to God.

Throughout these brief essays, tales, and parables, the Jewish philosopher stresses that man must find his own true self, that God dwells wherever man lets him in, and that Judaism differs from Christianity in many deep respects. Pointing out that one of the main points of difference is that Christianity makes each man's salvation his highest aim, Professor Buber says that "Judaism regards each man's soul as a serving member of God's Creation which, by man's work, is to become the Kingdom of God; thus no soul has its object in itself, in its own salvation." —HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

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SCIENCE

(*Continued from page 35*)

not to the fact that the culture does not have a *real* existence.

Professor Childe's reanimation of prehistoric cultures and his sociological interpretation of the archeological data are fascinating, but the learned Professor occasionally nods when he refers to matters of physical anthropology. For example, it is not correct to say that no lower Paleolithic men whose skeletons survive are of modern type. The half-skull from Swanscombe, Kent, is of modern type and the indications are that its missing front was similarly so. Professor Childe's statement that in Paleolithic man the indications are that there was an inferior development of several regions of the brain, "notably the association areas," is unfortunate. Casts of the brain can tell us only something of its form, they can tell us nothing concerning its internal structure, and we have good reason to believe that the shape of the brain has little or nothing to do with its internal structure.

Science Book Notes

PALOMAR: The World's Largest Telescope. By Helen Wright. Macmillan. $3.95. "Starlight is falling on every square mile of the earth's surface. . . . And the best we can do at present is to gather up and concentrate the rays that strike an area 100 inches in diameter"—the 100-inch mirror of the Mount Wilson telescope. Dr. George Ellery Hale, director of the Yerkes Observatory, wrote these words in 1928 as part of an article for *Harper's Magazine* in which he suggested the possibility of a super-telescope that would dwarf all other instruments. He sent a copy of the article to the Rockefeller Foundation, promptly received a favorable answer, and plans for the 200-inch giant on Mount Palomar were under way.

Although Dr. Hale first conceived of the telescope years before and the idea was not entirely new to Foundation officials, the article brought things to a head. "Palomar: the World's Largest Telescope" is an authoritative account of subsequent developments. Helen Wright has been associated with the Naval and Mount Wilson Observatories and is the official biographer of Dr. Hale, who died in 1938 before his most ambitious telescope was finished. Quite fittingly, she has made him the central figure of the book. However, she does not miss the chance to retell the story of one of the most difficult and complicated construction jobs in the history of science.

The entire massive framework of the Palomar telescope is used to obtain an efficient light-gathering surface, an aluminum film a fraction of an inch thick and weighing less than an ounce. The film is deposited on a mirror weighing 35,000 pounds, and a million pounds of steel support the mirror. Miss Wright describes a twenty-year project that could never have been completed without the full cooperation of many scientists and engineers—and of the Rockefeller Foundation. She makes it clear that only a generous endowment with no strings attached would have made possible the spending of $639,000 on an unsuccessful quartz mirror during the depths of the Depression (Pyrex glass was finally used).

GIANTS OF GEOLOGY. By Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton. Doubleday. $3.50. This history of geology describes the lives of the men who did most to transform a body of superstitions and half-truths into a major branch of science. The Fentons have been studying and writing about the earth sciences for more than thirty years, and include a great deal of material that will interest amateur and professional geologists as well as laymen. For one thing they show quite clearly that astronomy is not the only field of research which had difficulty with religious dogma. While Galileo's findings contradicted the notions of ecclesiastical cosmologists who placed the earth at the center of the solar system (and universe), geologists were beginning to challenge the ideas of Genesis.

In the seventeenth century Archbishop James Ussher, on the basis of studies of the Old Testament and his own calculations, announced that the earth came into being on October 26, 4004 B.C.—at 9 A.M. on the dot. Although most theologians did not believe it was possible to date Genesis so precisely they agreed that the earth was between five and six thousand years old. It was no wonder that in 1795 James Hutton of Scotland, the founder of modern geology, was attacked as an atheist because he could find "no vestige of a beginning" and was ready to think in terms of millions of years instead of millennia. The earth sciences were born as soon as men recognized the immensity of geological time.

"Giants of Geology" recounts other obstacles that confronted pioneer in-

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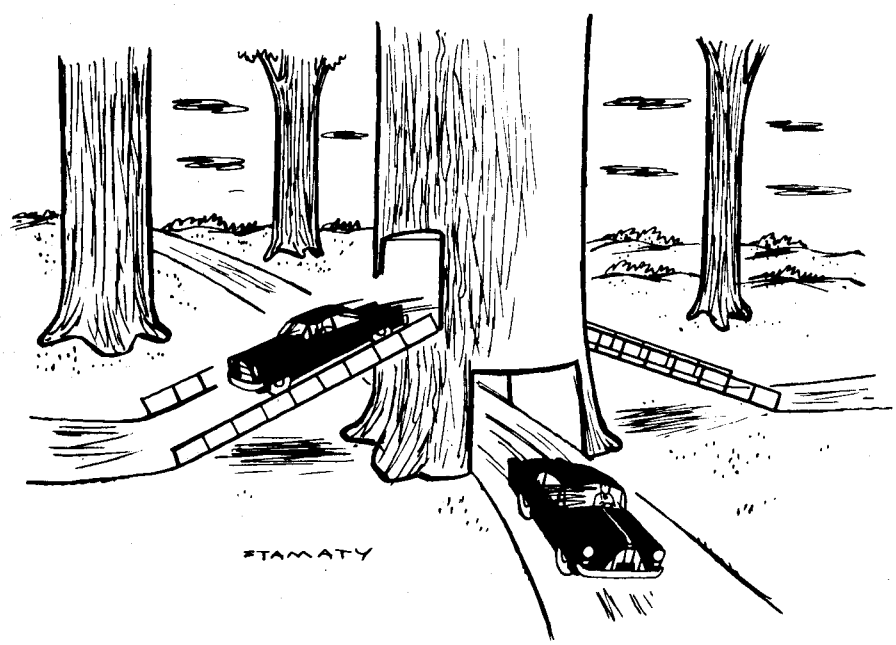
vestigators. Fund-raising was often difficult and some geologists spent more time—and ingenuity—obtaining money than they did conducting research. Their dealings with Congress, state government, and millionaires make instructive reading today. Nature also upset many carefully laid plans, and one of the book's high points is the story of Major John Powell's famous trip down the treacherous rapids of the Green and Colorado Rivers in 1868 ("Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" was the unofficial theme song of the trip). The authors show how knowledge gained during such expeditions has been used in framing the hypotheses of twentieth-century geology.

THE LIFE OF THE SPIDER. By John Crompton. Houghton Mifflin. $3. In 1913 John Crompton left England for Africa to serve as a trooper in His Majesty's Rhodesian Mounted Police. During the more leisurely days of Empire the job of skirmishing with natives and maintaining law and order was not the full-time proposition it is now. In fact, the escape from boredom became a major problem, and at first his solution was big-game hunting. But observing beasts proved to be more fascinating than killing them, and before he realized what was happening he had developed into an amateur naturalist. Finally he turned to studies of the most numerous and easily accessible of all African fauna, insects, a specialty that has occupied him ever since.

Out of Crompton's metamorphosis have come, among other things, numerous articles and two books (about bees and wasps). "The Life of the Spider" includes the findings of many workers from those of the famous French naturalist Fabre to the author's original observations. It is in the great tradition of nature books that combine new knowledge, anecdotes, a deep respect for living things, and an informal colorful style. Crompton is an ardent spokesman for the spider, even to the point of defending the female's tendency to eat males in search of sexual intercourse: "Let us imagine a stout lady . . . who thinks she hears the dinner gong and sits down to table. But instead of a succulent joint a puny and unknown man presents himself and announces that dinner is off but in its stead he can offer her love. Would such a man *always* meet with a gracious reception?"

The techniques of web-weaving, long an object of scientific interest, are discussed in a particularly informative chapter on ingenious snares from the familiar spiral design to special "sprung" webs and traps built for pedestrian prey. If you are unaware that there is mother-love among spiders you will find evidence of it here—together with the truth about tarantulas, hunting tactics, and the economic value of the spider (the total weights of insects, many of them crop destroyers, consumed annually by British spiders exceeds that of the world's total human population). Crompton describes many of his own encounters with spiders and has collected some of the best stories of his fellow naturalists. Human beings as well as spiders play a prominent role in this thoroughly charming and interesting book.

—JOHN PFEIFFER.



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THERE ARE always many more books on our desk than there is space to tell you about them. But, certainly, this spring should not go by without your looking at LOOK DOWN IN MERCY by Walter Baxter. This shockingly realistic first novel has been compared in England to *The Cruel Sea* and *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom. Time* says: "No one has brought back a truer, tougher account of jungle warfare since Norman Mailer wrote *The Naked and the Dead*. But the shocks in LOOK DOWN IN MERCY are the shocks of event minus droning obscenities." $3.50

AND HAVE you read THE GOSHAWK by T. H. White? The English reviews of this new book by the author of *The Sword in the Stone* were ecstatic. It was described as ". . . an ornithological *Moby Dick*" — "a masterpiece," etc. Lewis Gannett, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, called it, "unique, exquisitely written, rather terrifying." To say of THE GOSHAWK that it is simply a book about falconry is to do it a grave injustice. It is an intense, vivid, and extraordinary personal narrative. $3.50

TO REVERSE the field, Leonard Dubkin's THE WHITE LADY *is* simply — and beautifully — a book about a bat: a white bat whose birth Mr. Dubkin watched and whose maiden adventures he chronicles in a book which entitles him, according to the *N. Y. Times Book Review*, "to inclusion in that rare company of which Assisi's Francis is a sanctified and Hollywood's Disney a secular member." $3.00

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

UNTIL a few weeks ago the most displaced bus on record was the Surface Transport Company's vehicle #1013, which started on its regular route across the Bronx one day in March 1947 and ended up in Hollywood, Fla., a stop not on the regular schedule.

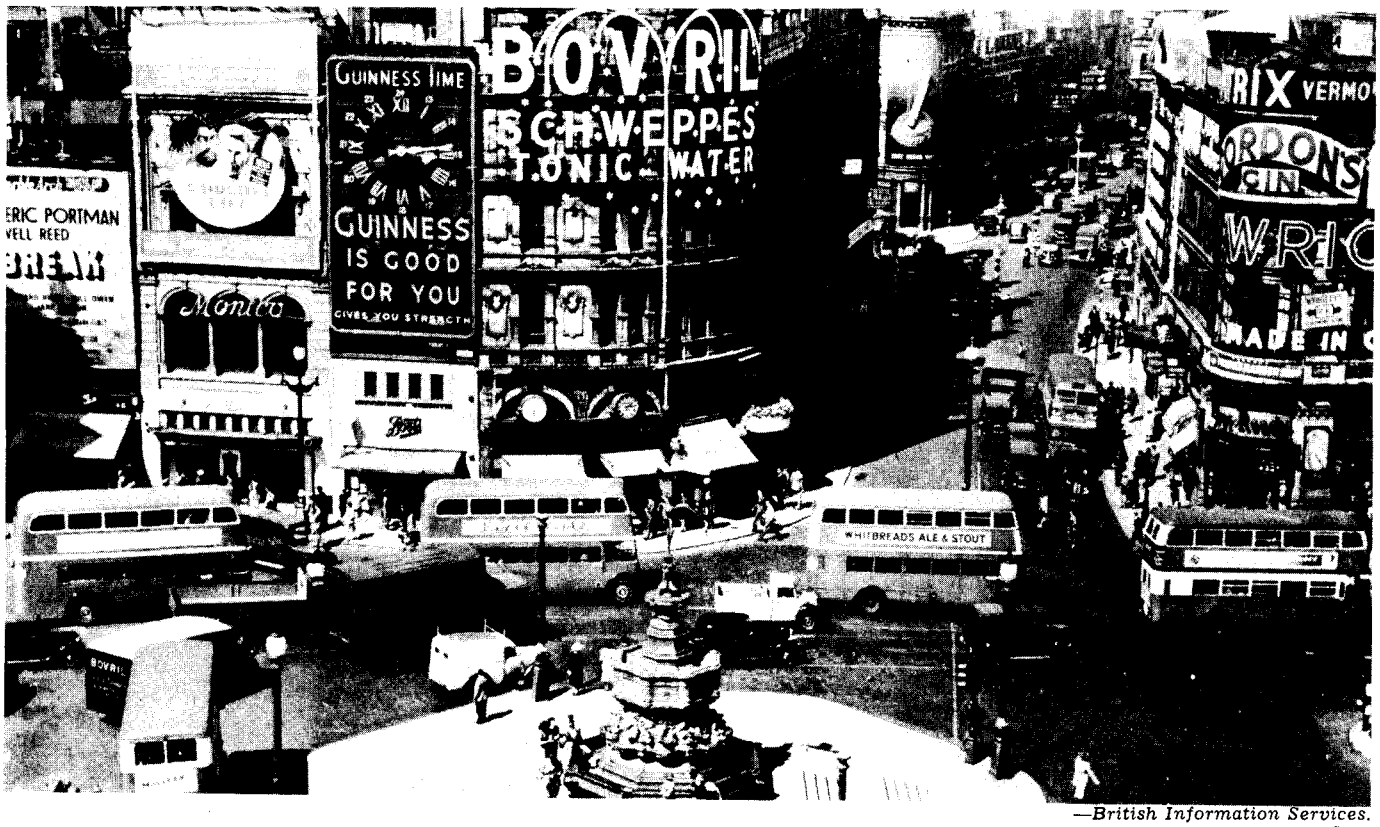
Recently, however, citizens in Northeastern cities have been somewhat startled by the sight of three red London double-deckers trundling along streets in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. A couple of lushes were known to have taken the pledge, a couple of cab drivers made wisecracks (to the British driver of one a cabbie said, "Hey Mac, you got change of a five?"), and a number of displaced Britons now living over here were known to have gotten pretty sentimental about the whole escapade.

The escapade was planned, in fact, to make Americans sentimental about London, and even to get up and go there. It is all a promotion cooked up by the British Travel Association, and in its behalf the buses are touring through the Midwest to Kansas City, south to Dallas and Fort Worth, across the Southwest to Los Angeles, north to San Francisco, then back east again by way of Salt Lake City, Denver, Omaha, Chicago, and Detroit. One bus appears just as it does when rumbling through Piccadilly. A second is a rolling information bureau with dioramas of British scenes on the upper deck, and the third is a traveling maintenance shop. All the buses are equipped with the regular cockney drivers, who were required to take courses in driving on the right side of the road and to learn that a bonnet is a hood, a wing is a fender, and a fender is a bumper. Everybody clear? They also brought along a portable tea outfit in case four o'clock comes in the middle of the Nebraska wheatfields and not a tea-shop in sight.

For the first part of their trip around the States the buses brought with them Bert and Rebecca Matthews, the Pearly King and Queen. Pearlies are costermongers, and costermongers are street peddlers. It having been a thriving custom at one time for costermongers to decorate their clothes with hundreds of pearl buttons, Bert is covered from cap to cuff with pearl buttons and Becky is covered from shoulder to shoe. The newsreel and newspaper photographers had a mad time in New York with the pearlies, and the rich nasal intonations of the New Yorkers careened against the Cockney expounded by Bert and Beck. "Over here, poilies, this way, poilies," they shouted to the Pearly King and Queen. Bert took it all without a ruffle. "We're the oldest there are in buttons," he shrugged.

TO A Londoner the pearlies and the big red double-deckers are a sentimental part of the town like the Thames Embankment, the fog, and the gaslights. A city can get to be a softy about the locomotion that takes it back and forth to work every day. New Yorkers used to feel that way about the big green double deckers with the open tops that used to ply up Fifth Avenue. The last open-top rolled down the avenue in December of 1946, a time of the year when probably no one was riding in the upper story anyway. But in the spring and summer and on fine fall days it was a New Yorker's pastime to take a bus ride on the upper deck with a view of the Hudson, and seats were at a premium, especially the last one, where lovers used to sit.

It was the protests of the aristoc-



—*British Information Services.*

Buses in Piccadilly Circus—"a sentimental part of the town like the fog, the gaslights."

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New Boom Towns in America

Your Income Depends Upon Where You Live Says Author

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA. The amount of money you earn at your job or from your business does not depend entirely upon your ability or even upon the kind of job or enterprise you're in, says Norman D. Ford, founder and first president of the famous Globe Trotters Club. It also depends upon getting a job where your services are most needed.

The biggest opportunities are in the boom areas, he says, where industry is growing and there's a big demand for new workers and for new, small businesses.

Today, says Ford, who has just completed a survey of the United States to learn which are the boom towns of the 1950's, there are about a hundred communities all over America which are beginning to show the signs of a coming boom. These are certain towns and cities along the Atlantic Seaboard, in Georgia, Florida, the North Carolina highlands, in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado, the Far West, California, the Pacific Northwest, Alaska, etc.

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Read what the Christian Science Monitor says about a new way to travel that sometimes costs 1/3 to 1/2 less.

By the travel editor of The Christian Science Monitor: Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its content. The booklet is entitled, "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a card in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space for passengers.

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the de luxe passenger vessels so far as comforts and accommodations are concerned.

LARGE ROOMS WITH BEDS

It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist class fares. Most cabin-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

SERVICE AND MEALS RATED EXCELLENT

Service and meals on a freighter leave little to be desired. You will be treated with consideration. Stewards will go out of their way to make your voyage pleasant. On ships with East Indian stewards you will be waited on almost hand and foot, in a manner that is completely unknown to Americans and most Europeans.

Foreign ships offer their own specialties, says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijkstafel (or King's Table), the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses. Scandinavian ships serve smorgasbord every day, and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sport clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World."

Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for $160, a 12 day Caribbean cruise for $240, or a leisurely three-month Mediterranean voyage for $500.

The booklet is published by Harian Publications, Greenlawn, New York, and may be obtained by sending to the publisher.

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racy whose brownstone town houses lined Fifth Avenue which kept trolley cars from the boulevard. Fifth Avenue was served by double-decked stage coaches until electric cars were put on in 1900. The first gasoline bus was sent over from London in 1907, and it went into service after the stairway was moved to the other side.

Even the closed double-deckers, which share the Avenue now with the single deckers, are doomed. They cost $40,000 apiece and the bus company has to pay the driver ten cents an hour extra. Nowadays New Yorkers feel more pique than sentimentality for the Fifth Avenue buses, for the drivers are too busy dodging traffic and making change for an unwieldy twelve-cent fare to be pleasant. Frequently they are too intent making a schedule to stop for passengers.

As for the old open-tops, there are a few still in the coach company's garage; three were sold to Monogram Studios, were driven across country, and appeared in "It Happened on Fifth Avenue"; a few were painted half white and half green and sold to Mexico City. That was seven or eight years ago, and since General Motors stopped making parts for the buses they probably have become lunch wagons dispensing tacos and tortillas.

The red trolley cars that used to run up and down Broadway do as much now for the citizens of Santos in Brazil, whence they were transported by Moore-McCormack Lines. And the trolleys that used to run along Third Avenue, consigned always to the shadow of the Third Avenue El, which ran above, have found the light of day, at last, in Vienna. They were bought with Marshall Plan funds and sail along the Ringstrasse now displaying the coat of arms of the City of Vienna. At least one street car, named *Grinzing,* has the happy pursuit of taking Viennese and visitors to that suburb where one sits in the garden drinking a young, light, strong wine called *heuriger,* which means this year's wine. The Americans who have adopted the *heuriger* custom have renamed it *Hurricane* for the way it sounds and reacts.

New Yorkers have obviously been too civically impotent to rally to a cause the way San Franciscans rallied to save their cable cars in 1947. The Great Cable Car War, as it is still fondly recalled on the Coast, began when Mayor Roger Lapham took office and made it known that he disliked both cable cars and deficits, and the former was causing the latter. There appeared forthwith the Citizen's Committee to Save the Cable Cars, and residents were bombarded from the billboards, from the sky, from personal solicitors, and from newspapers. Katharine Cornell announced she would never play the city again if the cars were removed. Eleanor Roosevelt made a speech. Over 1,500 answers were received to a contest filling the sentence "San Francisco without cable cars would be like . . . ," among the answers being "just another city, what a pity." The cable cars stayed and Mayor Lapham went, after a single term.

Paris feels warmly towards its squat green-and-white buses, and Parisians are very polite about them, too. Every popular bus stop has a device which dispenses a slip of paper that automatically decides your turn in boarding the next bus. You either find a seat inside or stand on the outdoor platform, chat with the conductor, and watch the Champs roll by. Parisians are not as sentimental about their taxicabs as the *auslanders* from America, who were perhaps influenced by Gershwin's "An American in Paris," a score which includes honks from the old red Renaults. The French only once got a thrill out of a Paris taxi. That was in the Battle of the Marne when Papa Joffre led *poilu* reinforcements to the defense of Paris in the city's taxicabs.

And if anybody feels that way about the old checker cabs which used to dodge around the Loop in Chicago, they may be found in Helsinki. Six hundred of them are being sent over to take care of the local transportation during Finland's Olympic Games this summer. If the driver turns around to you and says, "Mihin Ajan?", don't pull a blank. That means, "Where to, buddy?" in Finnish.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

YOUR TRIP TO BRITAIN. By Richard Joseph. Doubleday. $4.50. American tourists could well be divided into two groups: those who would rather visit Britain than any other country in the world and those who reckon Britain as a total and irredeemable dead loss. In this partisan area there seems to be no middle way, no position of neutrality. Being of the pro-Britain persuasion myself, I'm glad to see another enthusiast declare himself, especially so knowledgeable and astute an enthusiast as Richard Joseph. His book on Britain (the term includes England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, and the Channel Islands) is written specifically from an American standpoint, and as such

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is the best guide to the isles I've yet come across, well worth its twenty-six ounces in anybody's airplane luggage. Although not equal to the encyclopedic Muirhead in touristic minutiae, it's quite adequately detailed on hotels, fares, things to see, and things to buy (but why are the maps so skimpy?). The section on tipping is especially worth while, as anybody who has tried to tot up 15 per cent of a three shilling-sixpence cab fare will testify.

Mr. Joseph strikes a happy balance between the breezy and strictly informative styles of travel writing. On one page he beguiles the reader with his own rendering of *ex cathedra*, "which, as every educated person knows, is Latin, meaning 'fed up with cathedrals' "; then a few pages later he describes Salisbury Cathedral with obvious relish and a tidy array of well-chosen facts. There's plenty of sauce served throughout this guide, but it never overwhelms the good solid meat.

—Roland Gelatt.

NAVAHO MEANS PEOPLE. Photographs by Leonard McCombe, Text by Evon Z. Vogt and Clyde Kluckhohn. Harvard University Press. $5. A big, handsome, sympathetic collection of photographs by a *Life* photographer with an accompanying commentary by two Harvard anthropologists. The photographs are all about people. They show in a penetrating, stark, and graphic way the day-by-day life of the Navaho who lives in Northeast Arizona and Northwest New Mexico. The pictures are not narrative though they tell a story, beginning with the simple and ancient life of the Navaho in and around his hogan—how he eats, herds his animals, keeps warm, and wards off the ghosts and spirits who cause Navaho maladies. There is a magnificent photographic sequence showing the "sweat and emetic" ceremony during a five-night "sing" known as the "Female Shooting Evil Away." This is undertaken in behalf of a young girl who has been troubled with dreams of a mother who died of tuberculosis five years before. And another episode shows in pictorial journalistic fashion the family burial of a Navaho baby who was brought to a sanatarium but refused admittance because of lack of space. Ultimately the photos depict the Navaho's trouble when he crosses the white man's world. The captions and the text are loaded with the plea that the solution to the Navaho problem must extend beyond mere technical assistance, grant respect for human values, and not be solely devoted to economic stabilization. —H. S.

Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

FEATURE FILMS – FACT, FICTION, AND FANTASY

TO TODAY's film-goers who may never have had a chance to see the outstanding motion pictures of past decades, non-theatrical film society programs are providing new and rewarding experiences. The new 16mm feature releases reviewed below cover over thirty exciting years of movie history from 1920 to the present. Oddly enough, most of this current selection was pretty strange in the first place. About half of them find their roots in the macabre, the fantastic, the sinister, and the magical elements that comprise unreality. Stranger still, the others are based on the macabre, fantastic, sinister, and magical elements of reality itself.

Anyone who is planning a film society program for next fall or winter would do well to order the films now, just to make sure of getting the pick of the crop. Complete new catalogues are available from the sources given below.

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI. (1920). One of the weirdest, most widely discussed and diagnosed of all motion pictures, this is the story of a madman's fantastic dream world. The film, within its simple but highly effective construction, compels the audience to live and feel the story with him. Dr. Caligari works with a sinister somnambulist in a traveling circus; violence and murder set the tempo; and the whole thing spirals out neatly within the framework of an insane asylum.

To many film historians "Caligari" is most notable for having introduced graphic design to the motion picture, thereby attracting a new audience among the artistic élite. It achieves marvelously macabre effects through heavily accented black-and-white sets, make-up, and lighting effects. Everything is done in harsh angular and jagged lines, nothing rounded or even straight. For these new techniques in design the film is indebted to the then flourishing school of impressionism (and also to the shortage of electric power in postwar Berlin, which forced its authors to devise new ways of illuminating their sets).

"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" was directed by Robert Wiene, with scenario by Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz. Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, and Lili Dagover have leading roles. Available for 16mm rental from Contemporary Films, 13 E. 37th St., New York 16, N. Y. (60 min., silent.)

THE LAST LAUGH. (1924) Another silent German film, this one was directed by F. W. Murnau and starred Emil Jannings. The story is realistic and allegorical at once. It tells of the fall and rise of an aging doorman at the symbolic Hotel Metropole. His entire expression of life and achievement is personified in the elaborate uniform that goes with the job. When this is taken away from him, he sinks to overwhelming despair and degradation as attendant of the men's lavatory. In a tacked-on ending the film has him fall heir to a huge fortune, and thus all wrongs are in a sense righted.

"The Last Laugh" ("Der Letzte Mann" in its original German title means literally "The Last Man") is notable for its enriching use of the moving camera. Until this film people and things moved in front of the camera; here intensely dramatic situations are based upon long unbroken scenes in which the camera edges slowly up to the emotional focal point. Jannings has given an overwhelming performance, not with his face and eyes alone, but with his whole tremendous body. Available from Contemporary Films. (80 min., silent.)

THE BLUE ANGEL. (1930) Based on Heinrich Mann's novel "Professor Unrath," this film brings total and utter degradation to Emil Jannings, with no way out this time. As a middle-aged teacher in a boy's school, the professor goes one night in righteous indignation to catch some of his stu-

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—*From "Orpheus."*

". . . powerful and eminently rewarding."

dents who are applying themselves more diligently to the entertainer Lola Lola than to their studies. In a series of misadventures the professor is attracted, stays the night, and returns the next day to ask Lola Lola to become his wife. She takes him on in this unique proposal, and the rest of the film is sheer agony.

Lola Lola, as everyone knows by now, is Marlene Dietrich in her first major movie role—the beautiful, hard, throaty professional entertainer who is falling in love again and can't help it. In this capacity she certainly needs no recommendations from this modest review. The film made history. It brought her and her director, Josef von Sternberg, to Hollywood and ushered in the supreme reign of a new motion picture queen.

With all this "The Blue Angel" is still a thoroughly depressing film. The climax, in which Jannings can debase himself no further and goes completely wild, is excruciating, and drawn out almost beyond endurance. However, this is a remarkable and compelling use of motion picture techniques, as well as a wonderful chance to see Marlene Dietrich singing, showing her fabulous legs, and laughing at it all. The dialogue is in German, with English subtitles, but you would never need help in figuring out what goes on. Available from Contemporary Films. (90 min., in German with English subtitles.)

ZERO DE CONDUITE. (1933) Jean Vigo made only two feature-length films in his lifetime (he died in 1934 at about the age of thirty). Neither of the Vigo films is actually a finished work, yet both have been acclaimed as masterpieces. As *avant grade* films of the Thirties, they now seem fairly simple in their symbolism and comparatively easy to follow. The point to bear in mind is that Vigo's sole aim was to show not what people do and say, but what they *think* they are doing and saying.

"Zéro de Conduite" (Zero for Conduct) gives Vigo a boy's world to explain in terms of the boys who inhabit it. In his interpretation there is exhibitionism, frustration, hatred, joviality, fraternal secrecy, ecstatic unrestraint, awareness of physical and emotional longings, and merry mischief enacted as it is felt, not merely as witnessed by an outsider. To do this Vigo employs a dwarf as the schoolmaster, dresses a boy in girl's clothes, speeds and slows scenes as the situations require, and pulls some outlandish stunts.

Many of the situations and personalities in "Zéro" were drawn from Vigo's memories of his own disconsolate childhood. Perhaps this is what gives the film a special haunted quality, with its mixtures of comedy and sadness, satire, and introspection. Available from Contemporary Films. (44 min., in French with English subtitles.)

L'ATALANTE. (1934) Vigo's second film explores love in an even more complex way that the earlier film explores adolescence. Its principles are the same: the characters demonstrate their feelings in words and actions. A young barge captain, his bride, his old stoker Jules, the boy apprentice, and a gigolo-peddler act out the varying degrees of emotional intensity they feel for each other.

There are only a few major episodes in the film, each full of significance and realness: the strangeness after the wedding, the first joys of love, the entanglement at the cabaret, the episode with old Jules, the separation, and the return. Dita Parlo, Michel Simon, and Jean Dasté play the major roles. An absorbing musical background of accordian music was supplied by Maurice Jaubert. Photography was by Boris Kaufman, and scenario by Jean Guinée. Available from Contemporary Films. (90 min., in French with English subtitles.)

EMIL UND DIE DETEKTIVE. (1932) This is a humorous and at times out-of-this-world adventure story about a young boy who turns sleuth. For the most part the film is a delightful comedy, and Emil and his gang have a little in common with Vigo's boys, however unintentional this might have been. Children are likely to find this film quite enjoyable, and adults too. Available from the International Film Bureau, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Illinois. (77 min., in German with English titles.)

FORGOTTEN VILLAGE. (1941) This is one of the more famous of the prewar documentaries dealing with the fight against superstition in a backward Indian village in Mexico. Produced and directed by Herbert Kline, the film also boasts a story by John Steinbeck, photography by Alexander Hammid, and narration by Burgess Meredith. The story tells of a youth, Juan Diego, who rebels against his family and his community to take sides with scientific progress. To see that his sick sister gets proper medical care, he kidnaps her and takes her to a doctor and nurse for an injection to save her life. Cut off from his old village life the boy returns to the city to pursue knowledge, and eventually to return where that knowledge is most needed. "The old and the new meet and sometimes clash," wrote Steinbeck in the prologue, "but from the meetings a gradual change is taking place in the villages." Available from Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. (60 min.)

OPEN CITY. (1945) Rossellini's tremendous film of Italian resistance under the Nazi occupation is surely one of the greatest screen achievements of all times. The magnificent performances of Anna Magnani and Aldo Fabrizi, and of the entire supporting cast, are of course superla-

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tive. Tense and brutal, "Open City" is a motion picture never to be forgotten. Available from Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. (103 min., Italian and German dialogue, with English subtitles.)

PARIS 1900. (1950) Nicole Védrès, one of the few women directors in the business, has skilfully edited a mass of newsreel footage to give some impressions of Paris from 1900 to 1914. For the American version an English narration has been written by John Mason Brown, and narrated by Monty Woolley. There are many amusing scenes, many delightful glimpses of famous personalities of the time—but sometimes in the American version it tries too hard to be amusing and seems just to go on and on. A sober satiric introduction to World War I ends the film on a strange note. Available from Brandon Films. (76 min., available also with the original French commentary.)

DREAMS THAT MONEY CAN BUY. (1949) Hans Richter, whose early abstract film "Rhythmus 21" was reviewed last month, has pooled a lot of talents for this feature-length experimental production. The film is made up of seven sequences impishly held together with connecting scenes in the office of a pseudo-psychiatrist. "Desire," the first sequence, is dramatic, deliberately slow, and a bit bloody—"a story of passion and desire." "The Girl with the Prefabricated Heart," generally the most popular of the lot, is a "satire on love in the machine age," ingeniously carried on by two department-store dummies. "Ballet and Circus" is solid Calder—and "Narcissus" is Richter's witty and exploratory "discovery of the 'Self.'"

The talent includes Max Ernst, Fernand Leger, Alexander Calder, and Marcel Duchamps, who in addition to Richter plotted the sequences. Paul Bowles, Louis Applebaum, David Diamond, John Latouche, Libby Holman, and Josh White are responsible for composition and delivery of the various sets of music and lyrics. The version I saw was incomplete and did not include the Duchamps and Man Ray sequences. Available for 16mm rental from Hans Richter, 134 East 60th St., New York 21, N. Y. (84 min., color.)

ORPHEUS. (1950) This film brings together some of the best coordinated uses of fantasy and symbolism yet to be seen in cinema. Jean Cocteau has been working toward such a goal as this for the past twenty years, and now he adds real cinematic craftmanship to his keen artistic skills. In the film Orpheus is a young, handsome Parisian poet, idolized by the people and happily in love with his wife. An encounter with Lady Death changes all this; the poet becomes totally absorbed in his pursuit of her and Cocteau's provocative idea of Hell. In a surprisingly happy ending, the Black Lady surrenders him to the living world, with the help of her chauffeur-accomplice who has quite honestly fallen in love with the poet's wife.

The symbolism in "Orpheus"—the black automobile, the houses both above and under ground, the black people and the blond people, the clothes, mirrors, and bystanders—all are established pictorially with great economy and beauty. It seems reasonable to assume that anyone with a serious interest in the motion picture will find "Orpheus" a powerful and eminently rewarding experience. Available from Brandon Films. (86 min., in French with English subtitles.)

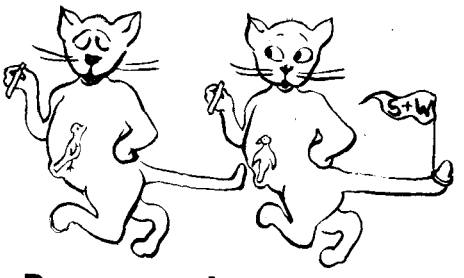
Note: Cocteau's earlier productions are also now available for 16mm rental from Brandon Films: "Blood of a Poet," "The Eagle with Two Heads," and "The Eternal Return,"

METAMORPHOSIS. (1951) Based on the story by Franz Kafka, this is perhaps the first full-length feature film made in this country by an unsponsored amateur group. The story begins with these perplexing words: "As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from troubled dreams he found himself changed in his bed into some sort of monstrous vermin." With borrowed and rental equipment, William J. Hampton set out to make a film of the story about a young man who turns into an insect. The story was chosen for artistic and budget reasons: it requires few actors, few sets, and would tend to interest audiences who ordinarily don't think twice about the movies. Little of Kafka, except the bare outline, remains in the film.

As an amateur film this one is not bad, though it could well be trimmed down a bit. Film study groups in universities and colleges are the likely audiences for this film, and they'll find a great deal to criticize. Still it is a commendable effort, obviously a labor of love, and certainly well worth an hour's time in the day of any serious film student. Keep in mind that this hour-long film was budgeted at less than $5,000.

"Metamorphosis" is available for 16mm rental from Gothic Film Productions, 1102 Baldwin Avenue, Ann Arbor, Michigan. (60 minutes.)

—Cecile Starr.



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BOOKS · FOR · YOUNG · PEOPLE

EASTER, 1952

THE vernal equinox brought a small and unexpected snowstorm to Manhattan and a Flower Show to the Grand Central Palace that surpassed in beauty any that this reviewer has ever seen.

Among the March books there are several that make happy Easter gifts for the younger boys and girls. Some are reviewed here. More exciting picture books and good stories will make the May Festival number gay and attractive.

This department is particularly happy about the award of the Newbery and Caldecott Medals this year. American boys and girls all over the country will heartily indorse giving the Newberry Medal to Eleanor Estes. It has never been necessary to *persuade* them to read the annals of the Moffat family. The lovable Rufus M. and his brothers and sisters have been good friends to children since the first book was published. The quick recognition given to Nicholas Mordvinoff when "The Two Reds" appeared was fascinating to watch. Some people condemned it. Many more applauded it. Everyone talked about it. The children liked it instantly, just as they liked the Caldecott winner this year—"Finders Keepers." Traveling around the country as this reviewer does, it is fun to watch the reaction to a new writer or artist for children's books. The prejudice, the "narrow-mindedness" that used to be evident is dying out. The field is broadening rapidly. More communities in America than people realize are "children's book" conscious. It is a good sign.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE LOOK-INSIDE EASTER EGG. By Pamela Bianco. New York: Oxford University Press. 40 pp. $1.75.

The reproduction of these delicate drawings in color is good enough so that a child will feel, as he turns the pages, that he is looking at the originals. Every tiny line is as clear as crystal, from Roxana's eyebrows to the last hair in the tail of Gregory, the Easter Rabbit's assistant. Roxana goes out into the garden early on Easter morning to find the Easter Rabbit and to thank him for her "look-inside" Easter egg. She has to have help in finding him. In payment for the help she must give the cherries from her last year's hat, the ribbon that adorns it, even part of the brim. We predict that the picture of the five little yellow chicks that demand the cherries will be the favorite of these adorable pictures. Once found, the Easter Rabbit invites Roxana to breakfast, most beautifully served, with a large chocolate egg as the main dish. When she gets back to the house her mother has, as a surprise, a new Easter bonnet. This is a perfect Easter gift for a little girl.

HAPPY EASTER. By Kurt Wiese. New York: The Viking Press. 32 pp. $1.50.

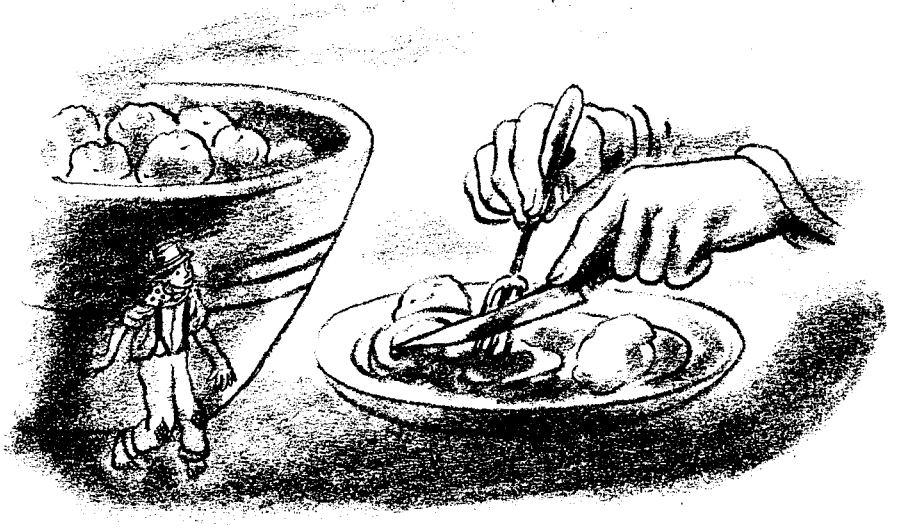
Kurt Wiese's drawings, in color, for this lively tale of two bunnies who have an unexpected result when they dye their Easter eggs are as funny and as satisfying as his illustrations for "Honk the Moose." In a long, slim book the mother rabbit reminds her children that it is time to ask the hen for Easter eggs and to dye them. There is some difficulty with the hen, but she finally gives them eggs that she has sat on. The hard-working bunnies dye them and then, to their amazement, they hatch chickens of the same color as the egg-shell. The expression of the two bunnies when the red, blue, yellow, and green chicks appear, the expression on the face of the hen when the bunnies ask her for eggs say more than words can express. This is one of the gayest, funniest Easter books that we have had for a long, long time.

SMALL-TROT. By Françoise. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. No paging. $2.

Everyone was happy and satisfied last spring when the *Herald Tribune* award for picture books went to Françoise's "Jean-Marie Counts Her Sheep." This spring her book is about an enchanting little lady mouse called Small-Trot. Small-Trot is not only attractive, she is as good as gold. Her mother was a widow with a family to care for. Small-Trot was determined to help her. So she taught herself some tricks, all very clever and ladylike, and joined Mr. Rataplan's circus as a star performer. She was a great success. All over the world she traveled, making friends everywhere. She filled her purse with gold, and brought it all home to her mother. Now Small-Trot's mother sits comfortably by the fire reading a good book (it happens to be "Little Women") and the whole family is prosperous and content. Little children are sure to like Small-Trot just as much as they liked Jean-Marie.

THE LEFTOVER ELF. By Mary Stolz. Drawings by Peggy Bacon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 58 pp. $2.

Mary Stolz, whose stories for older girls have been so successful, proves in this book that she can write an original fantasy for younger boys and girls with equal success. This tells, with charm and humor, of an Irish elf who is the last of his race. Like the Scotch brownie and like Tinker Bell he must be believed in to live. All the other elves have died because man,



—By Peggy Bacon for "The Leftover Elf."

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annoyed by their mischievous tricks, has ceased to believe. Accompanied by a "plan" that dwells in his small but active brain, the Leftover Elf takes to the road determined to find a human being who believes in him. He has a number of adventures. His scene with a rather cross hen in a farmyard makes us think of Selma Lagerlöf's Nils and a farmyard in Sweden. Finally, in a cozy Irish kitchen the Elf finds two old men who still have faith in the Little People. Satisfied and happy, he goes back to his dwelling in the deep woods.

Peggy Bacon's drawings for this original story have great distinction. The Elf, sharply outlined against the hen, the cat, the tinker's cart, and the fern fronds is a fascinating figure—tiny and indomitable. The humor in both text and illustrations is a constant delight.

THE BIBLE STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS: OLD TESTAMENT. By Walter Russell Bowie. Illustrated with 23 color plates and 20 black and white decorations by Stephani and Edward Godwin. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 224 *pp.* $3.50.

This is a companion volume to Dr. Bowie's book on the New Testament. It tells the story of the Old Testament heroes as a continued narrative from Genesis through the Books to the Prophet Malachi in the last Book. One misses the wording of the King James version, especially in the stories of David and of Joseph. Its clarity and continuity will, however, give boys and girls a sense of "the greatest story ever told," leading them on to read the King James version for themselves.

SECRET OF THE ANDES. By Ann Nolan Clark. Illustrated by Jean Charlot. New York: The Viking Press. 130 *pp.* $2.50.

The wording of Ann Nolan Clark's stories has always a certain dignity and integrity. It is particularly true of this one in which she tells the story of a young shepherd in the high Andes who is a full-blooded member of the old Inca tribe. Cusi lives in the far, high valley with old Chuto who is his guide and teacher. He knows nothing but the life of a shepherd and the herd of llamas that he and Chuto care for. When the time comes at last for him to go down from the mountains into the world of men Chuto tells him: "Grieve not if your searching circles." In his contact with other Indians and with the Spanish people of the cities Cusi learns the meaning of those words. In the end he comes back to the high valley to carry on with and after Chuto the sacred trust of his people—the care and breeding of the llamas.

The story of Cusi is beautifully told. It has the beauty and dignity of the Inca prayer that Mrs. Clark translates for us. Jean Charlot's drawings,

—By Claire Davison for "Trail of the Little Paiute."

washed in color, give the book added distinction. Boys and girls will enjoy it for the character of Cusi and for his favorite black llama, Misti.

THE CRUSADE AND THE CUP. By Elizabeth Bleecker Meigs. Illustrated by Edward and Stephani Godwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 150 *pp.* $2.50.

In this story two Irish brothers of the house of O'Neill go with King Richard to the Holy Land in the Second Crusade. The youngest brother, Aloai, who is a minstrel, is blind. In the first part of the book the Irish background is given and then the journey to the Holy Land and the Siege of Acre. In the second part the two brothers leave the others and seek the Grail, finding the object of their search at last in a deserted Jewish village in the desert. It is difficult to reconcile the historic background of the first part and the allegorical atmosphere of the second. We feel that the story tries to cover too wide a canvas. It is certainly overwritten, especially in the second part.

THE SONG OF ST. FRANCIS. By Clyde Robert Bulla. Illustrated by Valenti Angelo. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 71 *pp.* $2.50.

Valenti Angelo's drawings give this book its greatest value. They give a clear impression of the lovely hill towns of Tuscany, and their design is beautiful. The text, written for younger boys and girls, fails to convey the humor and sweetness of St. Francis. It lays too much stress on his boyhood and too little on the years of his mission. It might have been wiser to present a simple translation of one or two of the stories from the "Fioretti". The song, which is from the "Hymn to the Sun," with the music, forms the two end-papers.

MY LOVE IS A GYPSY. By Neta Lohnes Frazier. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 183 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a love story for young people set in and near Spokane, Washington. While Linden Bradley's father and mother are traveling in South America she is left with a young aunt and a little brother and sister to carry on at home. The check that Mr. Bradley sends her for the household expenses is lost and Linden and Aunt Kezzy, Rand and Ida open a fruit-stand and sell the berries and fruit from the farm to passing tourists. The hero of the story is Skee Lewis, a popular and attractive young man who is compelled to stay at home and "take it easy" because of a strained heart. Together he and Linden find that the adventure and wider horizons they both long for can be found near home. Interesting characters, good writing, and a deep feeling for the country round Spokane and its history make this a rewarding story.

TRAIL OF THE LITTLE PAIUTE. By M. O'Moran. Illustrated by Claire Davison. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 189 *pp.* $2.50.

This story tells of the last days of the Paiute Indian tribe that lived long ago in the high valley between the Sierra Nevada and the Panaminte Mountains. Inyo, the little hero of the story, followed his grandmother when she left the tribe, not to expose and destroy herself as some of the old squaws did, but to return to her own people—the Chumash on the coast of California. On their long, terrible journey Inyo found a white child, a baby, deserted beside a camp fire. He left the child with his grandmother on the desert and went off to get a horse that could carry the old woman across the treacherous, snake-infested desert to the California coast. He met a Spanish boy who sought the gold buried years before in the desert caves. Soldiers and adventurers, white settlers, Spaniards, and Indians come and go through the pages, but Inyo's objective never falters. As in "Red Eagle" the standards of the Indians, their native dignity, their strength and endurance dominate the people around them. It is an interesting, often a moving story. It is illustrated with full-page black-and-white drawings.

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THE INDUSTRIALIZATION OF THE WRITER

(*Continued from page 14*)

he is doing so. Psychologically, and perhaps artistically, the author who is hired to do an assigned job, under arbitrary rules in the making of which he has had no part, is in a very different situation. Not only the quality of his work but his self-esteem must suffer (and does suffer). Most of the fine and potentially fine writers who have become industrialized are not happy and are not doing the best work of which they are capable. Whether or not the sacrifice of independence and spontaneity is too high a price to pay for economic security is something the individual writer must decide for himself. But of the loss to literature and to society there is not even a question.

Indeed, seen from the point of view of freedom of expression, the situation is truly alarming. Two conditions are essential to the healthy and democratic functioning of free speech: multiplicity and diversity of outlets, and the absence of arbitrary restraints and prohibitions. Do these conditions prevail in our present-day industrial society? I think not.

The tendency in all economic areas today is toward concentration of ownership and control. The field of communications is no exception. Ownership in the newspaper and periodical industries becomes increasingly centralized. And behind the owners is the very real economic power of the advertisers upon whose patronage the publications depend. The radio-television industry is almost completely dominated by four or five national networks; and here the influence of the advertiser is almost supreme, for advertising is the sole source of operational income. The production of motion pictures is largely in the hands of seven or eight big corporations, which are linked, directly or indirectly, to a few chains of exhibitors. (There are independent producers, but they are controlled by the bankers to whom they must look for their financing.) It is no exaggeration to say that a few hundred men have effective control over 95 per cent of what is read, seen, and heard in newspapers and magazines, and on the motion-picture and television screens.

I am not suggesting that these men are evil or even ill-intentioned. I am merely saying that such monopolization of control operates against diversity of outlet and variety of expression and constitutes a dangerous threat to free speech. This is particularly true in view of the fact that the ownership group is fairly homogeneous and that its political and economic opinions tend toward orthodoxy and uniformity. The rebel, the iconoclast, the innovator among writers is looked upon as unsound—or, at any rate, as a bad business risk. Hence, conformity becomes the price of continued employment.

This is vividly demonstrated by the codes regulating the motion-picture and television industries. The opening paragraph of the recently adopted Television Code states: "Television is seen and heard in every type of American home. These homes include children of all ages, embrace all races and all varieties of religious faith, and reach those of every educational background. It is the responsibility of television to bear constantly in mind that the audience is primarily a home audience, and consequently that television's relationship to the viewers is that between guest and host." This is developed, at some length, with the customary obeisances to "education," "culture," and "good taste."

The Code then gets down to cases. In twenty-four sections and several sub-sections, it specifies unacceptable program material. Here are some samples: "From time to time, words which have been acceptable acquire undesirable meanings. . . . The Television Code Review Board shall . . . issue . . . a continuing list of specific words and phrases which should not be used. This list, however, shall not be considered as all-inclusive." "Attacks on religion and religious faiths are not allowed." "Divorce is not treated casually nor justified as a solution for marital problems." "The consumption of alcohol, in American life, when not required by the plot or for proper characterization, shall not be shown." "The use of horror for its own sake shall be eliminated." "Suicide as an acceptable solution for human problems is prohibited."

THERE is, of course, nothing new or surprising in all this. The Television Code embodies most of the shibboleths and proscriptions of the so-called Hays Code, under which the motion-picture industry has been operating for a generation. Its adoption is another capitulation to the mandates of the leaders of organized religion and of other self-appointed censors. For the concentration of ownership and control of the major outlets of expression makes them easy targets for the pressure groups whose incessant and increasing demands are rapidly choking off free speech. These special-interest organizations, formed for the legitimate purpose of protecting the rights of a particular racial, religious, or economic minority, and often serving a useful social end, have in recent years taken the position that minority interests must be fostered even at the expense of the rights of the majority. Thus each group (as may be seen by studying the TV and motion-picture codes) endeavors not merely to *combat*, but to *suppress* whatever it considers inimical to its own objectives, regardless of the effect upon freedom of expression or the rights of those who hold opposing views.

Thus the Catholics insist that there be no attack upon religion and no approval of divorce, abortion, or birth control. Other sectarian bodies demand acceptance of their peculiar views on drinking, gambling, and lovemaking. Veterans' organizations will tolerate nothing that violates their own conception of patriotism. The Jews protest any unflattering depiction of a Jew; the Negroes take the same position with respect to their own race. Indeed, there is hardly a national or professional group that does not claim exemption for itself. Here is how it is stated in the TV Codes: "Racial or national types shall not be shown on television in such a manner as to ridicule the race or nationality." Why not? As an ardent advocate of the rights of minorities, I should like to point out that the right to equality of opportunity and of equality before the law does not carry with it the right to immunity from criticism or even from ridicule. A victim of injustice is not necessarily flawless. Ridicule has always been an effective weapon in the writer's armory and its use has often led to individual and social betterment; just as heretical, anti-moral, and revolutionary ideas have brought about the revivification of old ways of living or the creation of vigorous new ones. (Incidentally, the most pointed anti-Semitic stories are usually of Jewish origin.)

One would think that it would be obvious to the leaders of the pressure groups (who frequently represent only a small fraction of their putative constituents) that the claims of any one minority must be contingent upon the rights of all other minorities and, of course, of the majority. But they do

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not see it that way. Their demands grow more insistent, and the industrialists, fearful of shrinkages at the newsstand, the box-office, the drug counter, obey. The hired writer obeys too—and without even freedom of choice. He can give up his job, of course, but there is always a worried father waiting in the outer office, eager to step in.

We know what happens to civil liberties and to the arts in totalitarian countries. Freedom of speech and of opinion become extinct; the writer becomes a pitiable figure, without dignity, without courage, without zest, concerned only with saving his skin by tasteless conformity, cutting his cloth according to the dictates of a Hitler, a Mussolini, a Stalin. We decry censorship, we decry the regimentation of writers, we recognize that there is a melting-pot of ideas as well as of peoples, we demand the right to speak and to hear, to compare, to weigh, to choose. We take a rightful pride in our democracy, in the provisions of our Bill of Rights that protect free speech.

But all censorship is not official, all regimentation is not governmental. The concentration of economic power can work as effectively as the concentration of political power. We are a long, long way from Hitlerism or Stalinism. Our dissident writers are not yet headed for the gas-chambers or the slave-camps. But, for the majority, conformity has become the price of bread. Conformity not only to the codes, the Nielsen ratings, the orders from San Simeon, Culver City, and the RCA Building, but conformity in their personal lives and private opinions. For there are loyalty oaths, morals clauses, blacklists, too. You not only have to write right, you have to think right, perhaps even prove that you don't think wrong.

This is a complex subject on which I have barely touched. To make it understood in all its ramifications and implications requires a job of research and analysis by the economist, the social historian, the literary critic. It is a job that should be done, for there is no subject more relevant to our political and cultural development. The writer is always the first victim of dictatorship. He is like the canary in the front-line trenches of World War I. When he stops singing, when he droops and dies, look out for poison gas.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SEASON FOR MURDER *Hugh Lawrence Nelson* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Plane on hush-hush mission crashes in Rockies and Zebulion Buck & Jim Dunn look for bodies and cash, while villagers, fishing season, forest fires impede.	Amiable but confusing mish-mash of local color. Too many plot strands, too little motivation for too many murders. Characters meant to be lively but never make it.	Half-and-half
THE LONG GREEN *Bart Spicer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Phone call from Tucson summons Carney Wilde from Philadelphia to aid of vacationing millionaire client, whose granddaughter has been kidnaped amid luxury and cactus. Murders and chases ensue.	Good short-story idea dragged out by hard-bitten speeches, portentousness, ridiculous misunderstandings—and another 'tec hero who can go without sleep boringly long.	Readable enough
WAKE THE SLEEPING WOLF *Rae Foley* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Laura Field thinks she has twice tried to kill her novelist husband with an erratic golf drive. Then husband's double is murdered and Laura is in for it, till Clarke Turner, explorer, goes fathoming.	Ingredients sometimes strangely mixed — but writing nicely straightforward and characters drawn in-the-round. Mystery not deep, but story persuasive.	Very good
FROM THIS DEATH FORWARD *Robert Bloomfield* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Damsel-in-distress Connie Daniels digs into deeper trouble by marrying sodden millionaire in Southern California. Murders and truckers and racketeers increase the woe.	Story quite improbable and disjointed — no logic at all. But author keeps you reading with held breath; some characters are weirdly memorable — even hateable and lovable.	The man can write

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 23)

lean; his sweetheart is apparently mad, and it is up to him to prove that she is only clairvoyant. In the final story there is a switch—the hero is misunderstood by the heroine and *he* has to straighten *her* out.

Among the short pieces there is one about an Irishman who literally talks himself to death. It is not autobiographical, and Mr. Walsh will no doubt go on with his work until all those stubborn Irishmen have been dragged out of the pubs and hauled off to proper marriage beds by the peat-perfumed colleens of their desire.

Fiction Notes

IN THE BRIGHT APRIL WEATHER. By Susanna Valentine Mitchell. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. Writing in the tradition of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," Miss Mitchell has assembled a conventional set of unconventional characters and sent them on a doomed airline flight across the continent. There is the aging international beauty with her gigolo and her jewels, and there is also a jewel thief out to get the jewels. For added irony there are, of course, some disguised Federal agents out to get the jewel thief. Count in, too, one disenchanted Anglican priest, one young girl on the way to marry her soldier boy friend, and one Italian mother complete with baby.

Miss Mitchell has handled her rather tired material with considerable dexterity, and her acid wit in brushing in the backgrounds for her characters gives an effect of liveliness. She has also very convincingly pictured the physical details of the crash which kills them all. But when the crash comes I'm afraid you won't much care.

PANORAMA. By Phyllis Bentley. Macmillan. $2.50. This thirteenth volume in Phyllis Bentley's annals of West Riding comprises seven short stories ranging in time from the late fifteenth century to the more recent days of Britain's austerity. In mood they lean toward the grimly tragic with much dramatic irony, plus one heavy-handed and, I fear, misguided attempt at humor. In manner they are solid, old-fashioned and—to be gentle about it—not sprightly. Miss Bentley's prose has a dogged, circumstantial quality about it that makes her stories seem not so much written as constructed. Her usual preoccupations are all here: Yorkshire genealogy, family feuds, and, of course, the textile industry. Miss Bentley can hardly mention a piece of cloth without giving you the history of its construction, if not of the whole textile industry. Her favorite plot device—that of giving a man an obsession and having it ride him to death or destruction—is also here. In all, this is a standard Bentley product and all who need to know more about her West Riding are hereby notified of its advent.

A HUSBAND IN THE HOUSE. By Stuart Engstrand. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. In his previous novels Mr. Engstrand has specialized in some of the more extreme forms of emotional maladjustment as they affected the marital relationship. There is quite a lot of that here. There is also, unfortunately, quite a lot of preposterous melodrama of the kind that even Eugene O'Neill had trouble keeping under control. This one starts with a bang when Sven Stream, an aging widower and dirt farmer, determines that Carl Hedman shall not marry Sven's twenty-two year old daughter, Laura. Sven, you will understand, has some pretty dark incestuous thoughts in the back of his head. He therefore contrives a threshing accident in which Carl is made a hopeless cripple for life, "incapable" in the delicate words of the dust jacket "of being a husband in more than name." Well, Laura goes ahead and marries him and there we have the ingredients for a pretty strained, not to say grim, situation. Mr. Engstrand's melodramatic invention does not end there. Carl has a brother, young, personable, and not at all incapable of.

With all of the men that farm there, the tension gets pretty high, as one would expect, full of brooding hatreds, frustrated loves, and dark unrealized longings. Mr. Engstrand's resolution—which is a long time coming—is as improbably theatrical as what has gone before. I hope they're not going to have Bette Davis suffer through this one.

Mr. Engstrand's previous work showed real power, but I think he's been plowing his particular furrow of sexual repression and frustration a little too long.

THE FORMULA. By Gordon Sager. Lippincott. $3. With assured skill at character invention and a witty way with words Gordon Sager has constructed a pleasantly antic comic-suspense story. The problem revolves around the inevitable "papers" and how to keep them out of the clutches

—Kenneth Greenwood.

Phyllis Bentley—"the grimly tragic."

of the wrong nation. (You know which one *that* is, in current fiction.) Secret American agent Graham Wells has a lot of trouble finding the papers, identifying the rival agents, and finally outwitting them. Be assured that he does, and right smartly too, capturing along the way the love of the beautiful Contessa Simonetta. Other characters include an eccentric middle-aged English woman who is rather sweet but meets a sad end, the ominous Baron LaPorte, the venal Italian detective Parenti, and an assortment of American sailors and tourists of the upper and under world. The scene is Venice, a city which the author evidently loves but whose dark canals are made to appear uncomfortably convenient for the nocturnal disposal of bodies. The talk is bright, and the pace is brisk. In all this is fare that, if a little too light to sustain life, should go down easily enough, particularly if accompanied by a few cocktails.

THE GREEN MADONNA. By C. E. L'Ami. Westminster. $3.75. The principal virtues of this Westminster prize

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Quality Street." 2. "Barretts of Wimpole Street." 3. "The King Is Dead on Queen Street." "Dulcimer Street." 5. "The Miracle on 34th Street." 6. "Streets of Night." 7. "New Grub Street." 8. "Green Dolphin Street." 9. "Angel Street." 10. "From the Street of Triumph." 11. "Back Street." 12. "Joy Street." 13. "A Lion Is in the Streets." 14. "Main Street." 15. "Sinister Street." 16. "The Widow in the Bye Street." 17. "Uneasy Street." 18. "The Street." 19. "Chronicle of Sparrow Street." 20. "Street Scene."

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novel by C. E. L'Ami are its colorful recreation of fifteenth-century England, its fast-paced and pleasantly readable prose, and its pointed inclusion of the political and economic issues which troubled the time. The times are those when the Lollards were rising in revolt against the prelates who controlled the lands of England. Our hero is Lord Gisbert of Baldingham, cousin to Robert and destined to succeed him as ruler of the Baldingham fief. A rebel, Gisbert is anxious to help the people throw off the oppressive economic power of the Church. He also has the problem of outwitting a particularly villainous abbot who is out to steal his birthright from him. Toward the end the plot goes slightly wild, what with tales of baby substitution, mistaken identities, and murders on dark nights. But this can be disregarded in view of the generally solid approach to an interesting period and the quiet excellence of the prose.

THE PENNINGTONS. By Basil Partridge. Westminster. $3. The warmth of family affection and the simpler problems of domestic adjustment are rare qualities to be found in a modern novel unsicklied over with a thick sauce of sentimentality. Mr. Partridge in his first novel has produced a fond memoir of a nice family growing up in Canada and northern New York in the early years of this century, and he has judiciously kept his moments of sentiment this side of *sentimentality*. The Penningtons were a large breed: Father was dean of the Anglican cathedral in a provincial Canadian city; Mother was hard put to make his small salary feed and bring up their six children, and she was given to sporadic fits of black temper in which her usual commonsense fairness sometimes got lost; the two older daughters were comfortably if not exactly happily married. But what of Susan, who fancied herself in love with Terence, who was a Baptist and perhaps a little too easy-going? And restless Philip who was in love with a French Canadian Catholic? Adrian, off in Rochester, was solidly successful in business, but when was he going to marry lovely Rosamond? Larry, eleven, was perhaps a little too young for such problems but growing up was enough of a problem.

Mr. Partridge develops and resolves his various situations and the accompanying conflicts within the family circle at a leisurely pace. The mood is quiet and the emotional developments somewhat lacking in intensity; the general effect—if not quite real—is comfortably pleasant.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 942

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. A double bassoon (Italian).

B. Drawn in or invaginated (zool.).

C. Character in "Pericles".

D. Minor Hebrew prophet of about 520 B.C. (var. sp.).

E. Among Moslems, a warrior champion, esp. against infidels.

F. Impression (Italian music dir.).

G. Industrial region in Germany, target in World War II (preceded by "The").

H. Pertaining to loss of memory due to brain injury (psychiatry).

I. The Pentateuch (3 wds.).

J. Maiden name, author of "White Cliffs", 1940 (1874-1942).

K. Struck with something flat or heavy.

L. Figuratively, barely.

M. Night (Norse myth.).

WORDS

31 151 113 61 1 170 81 144 37

137 12 182 115 157 146 9 124 160 94 152

126 66 7 22 56 46

48 71 141 19 121 15 154 97 2

92 139 107 112 16

147 38 51 3 35 83 173

41 179 156 6

49 131 133 114 17 140 26

72 54 106 86 120 28 132 164 74 108

58 158 77 32

67 43 153 162 138 52 130 13

53 118 23 88 167 68 44 59

101 89 111 155

DEFINITIONS

N. Overpowered.

O. By reason of (law Latin).

P. Greek tragedy dubiously attributed to Euripides.

Q. To give life and energy to.

R. A well-known hotel, Washington, D. C.

S. Marine reptile, order Chelonia.

T. One of the Khoi-Khoin.

U. To surround.

V. Center of a New Jersey summer resort area, near Morristown; also ironworks, silk and woolen manufacturing center.

W. Japanese kana in its popular order.

X. Indian "gum" used as substitute for gum arabic.

Y. Symphony by Mozart, named after the man for whom he wrote it.

Z. Author of poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight".

WORDS

177 123 135 90 73 87

29 75 95 62 4 64 172 134

82 24 145 176 99 8

110 21 122 96 70 57 163 178 10 150

30 36 50 168 20 103 142 34

159 40 93 25 117 11

136 129 42 45 161 69 55 169 102

171 63 119 128 5 14 149 183

47 127 18 76 27 98 180

175 148 33 84 104

65 165 116 60 79 125

174 91 80 109 143 85 184

105 181 39 100 78 166

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram. When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 A	2 D	3 F	■	4 O	5 U	6 G	7 C	8 P	9 B	■	■	■	■	■	■
10 Q	11 S	12 B	13 K	14 U	15 D	■	16 E	17 H	■	18 V	19 D	20 R	■	21 Q	22 C	23 L	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
24 P	25 S	■	26 H	27 V	28 I	29 O	30 R	■	31 A	32 J	33 W	34 R	■	35 F	36 R	37 A	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	38 F	39 Z	40 S	41 G	42 T	43 K	■	44 L	45 T	46 C	47 V	48 D	49 H	■	50 R	51 F	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	52 K	53 L	54 I	55 T	56 C	■	57 Q	58 J	59 L	■	60 X	61 A	■	62 O	■	63 U	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
64 O	65 X	66 C	67 K	68 L	69 T	70 Q	71 D	72 I	73 N	■	74 I	75 O	76 V	77 J	78 Z	79 X	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	80 Y	81 A	82 P	■	83 F	84 W	85 Y	■	86 I	87 N	88 L	■	89 M	90 N	■	91 Y	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	92 E	93 S	94 B	95 O	96 Q	97 D	98 V	■	99 P	100 Z	101 M	■	102 T	103 R	104 W	105 Z	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	106 I	107 E	108 I	■	109 Y	110 Q	111 M	112 E	113 A	114 H	115 B	116 X	117 S	118 L	119 U	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
120 I	121 D	122 Q	123 N	124 B	125 X	126 C	127 V	■	128 U	129 T	130 K	131 H	■	132 I	133 H	134 O	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	135 N	136 T	137 B	138 K	139 E	■	140 H	■	141 D	142 R	143 Y	■	144 A	145 P	146 B	147 F	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
148 W	■	149 U	150 Q	151 A	152 B	■	153 K	154 D	155 M	156 G	157 B	158 J	159 S	■	160 B	161 T	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
162 K	163 Q	164 I	■	165 X	166 Z	■	167 L	168 R	169 T	170 A	171 U	■	172 O	173 F	■	174 Y	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
175 W	176 P	■	177 N	178 Q	179 G	180 V	181 Z	182 B	183 U	184 Y	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 32 of this issue.

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